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KERRANG!

PAT BENATAR ALL FIRED UP: THE RETURN OF AMERICA'S FIRST LADY OF ROCK

PAT BENATAR: pic Ray Palmer

SLAYER
EUROPE
IGGY POP
SCORPIONS
KILLER DWARFS
HENRY LEE SUMMER

MAYHEM

Pic Ross Halfin

Pic Alex Solca

Pic Betrand Alary

Pic Annamarie Disanto

AUTUMN METAL INVADERS!

■ *LET'S HOPE you've got plenty of pocket money saved up because it's looking increasingly likely that the Autumn will see an influx of several major tours to the UK. Already in the pipeline, and one that should set the hearts of Thrash fans a-fluttering, is a major European assault by* ***Metallica****.*

Currently playing the Monsters Of Rock festival (see Mayhem below) in America the band, whose new album ***'And Justice For All'*** *(produced by* ***Flemming Rasmussen****) is tentatively set for an August 1 release on Phonogram, fly in for a comprehensive UK tour in October.*

No dates have yet been confirmed but Kerrang! *understands that the support group on all dates will be mega power rockers* ***Queensrÿche*** *– making this their first British visit since supporting* ***Bon Jovi*** *in 1986.*

We must stress that nothing has been officially confirmed, these details are merely strong rumours, nevertheless they are rumours from reliable sources.

Also due in to Europe, before Metallica, are ***Slayer*** *who have pencilled in a UK tour for September. So far the only show that* Kerrang! *is aware of is a single date at London's* ***Hammersmith Odeon*** *on September 3 (still to be officially confirmed). Slayer's latest album* ***'South Of Heaven'****, the subject of a rave five-K review on page 17 of this issue, gets a UK release on London Records on July 4 (American Undependence day by a quirk of fate).*

Last but certainly not least are the ***Scorpions****, set to storm British concert halls sometime in the Autumn for the first time since playing Donington in 1986. The band are currently on tour with the huge Monsters Of Rock production in the USA where their latest album* ***'Savage Amusement'*** *has stormed the American charts making it their most successful record ever. Information is relatively sparse at present but possible support acts already being mentioned include* ***Yngwie Malmsteen's Rising Force*** *or the return of AOR favourites* ***White Lion****.*

■ THE BIGGEST isn't always the best. That seems to be the message from the huge **US Monsters Of Rock** tour. Despite the array of rock talent on offer the tour, it seems, has been dogged with bad luck and logistical problems.

The tour features a staggering line-up of **Van Halen**, the **Scorpions**, **Dokken**, **Metallica** and **Kingdom Come**. A total of 27 shows were booked across the USA in a variety of open-air stadiums with capacities ranging between 60,000 to 80,000. Unfortunately, however, attendances haven't been as encouraging as envisaged.

Several shows have been down on the expected ticket sales, most notably Miami Orange Bowl (capacity 79,000) where the audience numbered just 27,000. In Washington DC only 76 per cent of tickets were sold and at the second of two shows at New York's Giant Stadium (capacity 60,000 to 70,000) only 15,000 tickets were pre-sold causing the concert to be cancelled.

So what's the reason? Well, accusing fingers have been pointed at a number of reasons including the high cost of ticket prices ($25), the lack of strong supporting acts (only Van Halen and the Scorpions are capable of selling out indoor arenas), the excruciating fatigue of having to sit an entire day in blazing sun with temperatures often exceeding 90°F, and lastly, the fact that both headliners commence a major arena tour following the final Monsters show in Denver, Colorado on June 30.

But the problems don't end there. It seems as though the production costs have escalated wildly. Playing back to back stadium shows has meant that a huge number of roadies, security and technical staff have had to be employed (all at expensive American Union rates). The bands too, each with a small army of personal crew, have, it is rumoured, been living life to the full. Contract riders are shot with ludicrous backstage requests (Spinal Tap style), and Van Halen's personal appearance fee has been rumoured to exceed $300,000 per show.

Perhaps the most bizarre story to tell revolves around the extravagant lighting rig. Designed to span the stage in the conventional manner, some bod failed to make the necessary calculations and when the rig was first flown the vertical supporting members simply failed under the enormous weight. Part of the rig is therefore stood at the back of the stage and not hung above it!

■ **DEF LEPPARD** leap back into the spotlight with the release of a new single, '**Love Bites**', their fifth from the album '**Hysteria**'.

Both seven-inch and 12" versions feature a live rendition of '**Billy's Got A Gun**' (recorded in Tilburg, 1987) on the B-side, and the 12" version also features a remixed eight-minute version of '**Excitable (The Orgasmic Mix)**'.

There will also be a limited edition seven-inch release with an eight-page booklet featuring all the lyrics from 'Hysteria' plus new photos of the band.

■ **GUNS N' ROSES**, currently burning up the American Top Ten, will reissue their classic debut EP '**Live Like A Suicide**' on October 11. Retitled '**Guns N' Roses Live; The Drugs, The Sex, The Violence, The Shocking Truth**', the album will feature all the tracks featured on the original release plus a selection of live acoustic songs.

■ **LITTLE ANGELS** have lined up some warm-up dates before they fly off to New York to start pre-production on their debut album for Polydor. They play **East Kilbride** (venue IHA) July 6, **Bradford Frog & Toad** 7, London **Marquee** 13.

■ **QUIET RIOT** are currently putting the finishing touches to their forthcoming album, provisionally titled '**King Of The Hill**', at Pasha recording studios in Los Angeles.

Produced by **Spencer Proffer** and set for release on the Pasha label (through CBS) on August 20, the album will consist of ten tracks. The line-up has now settled at vocalist **Paul Shortino** (until recently in **Rough Cutt**), guitarist **Carlos Cavazo**, bassist **Shaun Paul** (real name **McNab**!) and drummer **Frankie Banali**.

■ **DOGS D'AMOUR,** those London-based sleazy scuzzbag rockers, release their debut album titled **'The Unauthorized Bootleg'** through China records on July 4, available at a special low price of £3.99.

The track listing is as follows:

Side One; **'Firework Girl', 'Chains', 'Gold', 'Pouring Out My Heart', 'Wait Till I'm Dead'.**

Side Two; **'Fall In Love Again', 'Kiss This Joint', 'Heroine', 'Tales Of Destruction', 'Dynamite Jet Saloon', 'Swinging The Bottle'.**

The band continue their eternal UK tour with the following gigs; **London Dingwalls** July 20, **Cardiff Square Club** 27, **Birmingham Edwards No 8** 28, **Retford Porterhouse** 30, **Bristol Fleece & Firkin** August 3, **Burnley Thomson Sports Centre** 11, **Nottingham Mardi Gras** 13, **Milton Keynes Woughton Centre** 17, **Buckley Tivoli** 18, **Birkenhead Stairways** 20.

■ SEATTLE BAND **Fifth Angel** have been busy writing and recording demos for their new album, a follow-up to their eponymously titled debut recently reissued on the Roadrunner label.

As yet untitled, the new album is expected to emerge in late '88/early '89.

■ IT WOULD appear that **Dokken**'s forthcoming double live album, recorded in Japan, will now consist of just *three* sides of live material. The remaining side will contain new material recorded by the band with **Michael Wagener** at the production helm. No release date has yet been set but the LP should be out on Elektra by the end of the year.

■ THE LINE-UP for the three day **Reading Rock Festival** has now been arranged as follows; Friday August 26 will be headlined by **Iggy Pop**, supported by the **Fields Of The Nephilim**, the **Godfathers**, the **Ramones**, **Ghostdance**, the **Wonder Stuff**, **The Lover Speaks** and the **Seers**.

Saturday 27; **Starship**, **Meat Loaf**, **Uriah Heep**, **Bonnie Tyler**, **Gene Loves Jezebel**, **Run Rig**, **Roachford** and German hotshots **Bonfire**.

Sunday 28; **Broken English**, **Hothouse Flowers**, **Rankin' Roger**, **John Otway**, **Squeeze**, **Deacon Blue** and the **Smithereens**.

The promoters expect to announce at least one more name for the Saturday bill and two for Sunday. Keep 'em peeled.

■ **DEATH ANGEL** have announced a London date in addition to their regional tour reported in the last issue of *Kerrang!* They play the **Astoria Theatre** in Charing Cross Road July 17.

■ THE LINE-up for the second Birmingham indoor rock festival has now been confirmed as follows: co-headlining are the **Grip** and **Sabbat**, followed by **Marshall Law**, **True Grit**, **Meanstreak**, **Sleeze Patrol**, **Asylum**, and bill openers **Bajjon.**

The festival is scheduled for August 29 at the Goldwyn Suite which is part of the Edwards No 8 rock complex. Tickets for the show are priced at £4 in advance, obtainable from the venue, or alternatively you can purchase them on the day for £7.

DEADLY DEEDS FROM DEEPEST DEUTSCHLAND

■ IT'S ABOUT TIME European Frash got a bit of a namechekk in your regular *Kerrüng!*, and while Donkey (**Don Kaye** – geddit?!) is doing a grand job with Deathvine, I thought it was high time I paid another visit to the home of Euro-Frash, yeah you guessed it – West Germany. And where better place to start but the Horus Sound Studios in Hannover where **Helloween** are kurrently putting the finishing touches to the eagerly awaited **'The Keeper Of The Seven Keys Part II'.**

Once again the album has been produced and engineered by the two Tommys – Messrs **Hansen** and **Newton**, and what I've heard sounds MEGA and a lot HEAVIER than **'. . . Part 1'** but I don't want to give too much away now, you'll have to wait for my FULL BLOWN feature, just prior to the band's Donington appearance!

But what I will tell you is this; the maxi single due out at the end of July is to be entitled **'Dr Stein'** – yes, he of the Frank variety. He's kome bakk to haunt us once more, but in another guise and with new monsters. Guitarist **Michael Weikath** klaims that the lyriks to this 'un are "absolutely hysterikal".

Singer **Michael Kiske**, meanwhile, has two songs pencilled for the maxi, namely **'Run For Kover'** (which is still being konsidered as an A-side for Amerika) and a fast 'un in the form of **'Savage'.**

As for the album itself, well here goes, but not in the final running order: **'I Want Out', 'March Of Time', 'Save Us'** (there is another version of this song with the khorus '*Xavier*' replacing '*Save Us*', but somehow I kan't see it making the final rekord – maybe a B-side, eh lads!), all from the pen of **Kai Hansen.** The rest of the album pretty much belongs to Michael Weikath; his kompositions are **'Keeper Of The Seven Keys'**, which has a konnektion with the song **'Halloween'** from '. . . Part I', **'Eagle Fly Free', 'Rise And Fall'**, '(Intro) Invitation', **'Living Ain't No Krime'** and **'We Got The Right'**; leaving just one more from Michael Kiske, **'You Always Walk Alone'.**

Quite a mouth-watering selektion as you kan see. '. . . Part II' should be out in time for Donington, and remember you read it here first!

Moving through East Germany now we arrive at West Berlin, home of Noise Rekords, and two more of their major akts are kurrently holed up in studios near the Berlin Wall!

First off we have me mates **Coroner**, who you might have read something about in Donkey's recent Deathvine (issue 192). Now while he was right about the single, which will feature **'New Breed', 'A Quikk One'** (working title) and the **Hendrix** klassik **'Purple Haze'**, he dropped an absolute howler about the producer, klaiming it was **Dan Johnson.** It is in fakt **Guy (Kloven Hoof) Bidmead.**

Pic Ray Palmer

HELLOWEEN with producers/engineers Tommy Hansen (centre) and Tommy Newton (seated foreground), who have made 'Keeper Of The Seven Keys Part II' even HEAVIER than '. . . Part I'

The album, which is entitled **'Punishment For Dekadence'**, is being rekorded at the renowned Sky Track studio, and eight songs will eventually see light of day on the opus. On what I've heard, the only way I kan deskribe it is like this – Intense-Krossover-Progressive-Death-Fusion-Metal. Get the pikture?

CORONER: Intense-Krossover-Progressive-Death-Fusion-Metal single expected in September

Pic Ray Palmer

Trakks inklude: **'Sudden Fall', 'Voyage To Eternity', 'Hypokrit'** (working title) and **'Skeleton On Your Shoulder'.** The rest are yet untitled but will include another instrumental. The single is due out in August with the album following in September. Look out for an interview which will appear in the next ish of *Mega Metal K!.*

Moving hurriedly akross town I find myself in **Harris Johns'** brand-spanking-new Musik Lab studio (his third one!), and who should he be entertaining but me old mates **Kreator**, whom he hasn't worked with since **'Pleasure To Kill'.**

Kreator are kurrently rekording an EP featuring one new song, **'Impossible To Kure'**, which is typikal Kreator, and their version of the **Raven** klassik – **'Lambs To The Slaughter'.** It's a real turn up for the books and I have to say that it pisses all over the original, which I also liked by the way.

The B-side will feature three live trakks, which at the time of the interview (koming your way soon) hadn't even been rekorded. Kreator will be playing throughout Amerika this Summer – the main reason for rekording this here EP – and then it will be bakk into the studio in the Autumn for album number four. The EP, which is to be entitled **'Out Of The Deep Into The Light'**, is also set for a July release.

XAVIER RUSSELL

KERRANG!

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■ KEEP AN eye and ear open for the Los Angeles-based all-girl group **Vixen** who are set to release their self-titled debut album on the EMI Manhattan label in the UK in September. Produced by a fine mixture of **Spencer Proffer** (**Quiet Riot**, **W.A.S.P.**), **David Cole** (**Bob Seger**) and teen heart-throb **Richard Marx**, the album contains ten songs, several of which have been written by **Jeff Paris** and one, the band's first single **'Edge Of A Broken Heart'** (set for UK release mid July), an unreleased cut donated by Marx himself.

The full track listing is as follows:

Side One: **'On The Edge Of A Broken Heart'**, **'I Want You To Rock Me'**, **'Crying'**, **'American Dream'**, **'Desperate'**.

Side Two: **'One Night Alone'**, **'Hellraisers'**, **'Love Made Me'**, **'Waiting'**, **'Crusin''**.

The band's line-up now consists of vocalist **Janet Gardner**, guitarist **Jan Kuenemund**, bassist **Share Pederson** and drummer **Roxi Petrucci**.

■ **COREY HART**, the highly acclaimed Canadian singer/songwriter, releases a new album titled **'Young Man Running'** on EMI in mid-July. Produced by **Bruce Braulz** and Corey, the album is said to be a return to a rockier view than that exhibited on his last album **'Fields Of Fire'** in 1986.

The track listing is as follows:

Side One; **'Don't Take Me To The Racetrack'**, **'In Your Soul'**, **'Truth Will Set You Free'**, **'Chase The Sun'**, **'So It Goes. . .'**, **'Still In Love'**.

Side Two; **'Spot You In A Coal Mine'**, **'Lone Wolf'**, **'No Love'**, **'No Love'**, **'Crossroad Caravan'**, **'Chippin' Away'**.

■ HAVING BEEN dropped from Chrysalis Records, **Armored Saint** attempt to recapture lost ground with the release of an EP on the Metal Blade label this Summer. Recorded live, the track listing includes **'Nervous Man'**, **'Book Of Blood'**, **'Raising Fear'**, **'Madhouse'** and **'Can You Deliver'**. The CD releases will feature two additional tracks in **'Chemical Euphoria'** and **'Long Before I Die'**.

■ ALTHOUGH NOTHING has been officially confirmed it looks likely that **John Waite**, following his departure from Capitol Records, has now signed a new deal with Epic. More details as and when we get them. . .

■ **SHOUT**, THE hotly-tipped hard rockin' band from Los Angeles, have their debut album released on the Music For Nations label in the UK on July 11. The band consists of leader and vocalist **Ken Tamplin** (ex-**Joshua**), guitarist **Chuck King** (ex-**Idle Cure**), bassist **Loren Robinson** (ex-Joshua), keyboardist **Roger Milky** and drummer **Joey Galletta** (ex-Joshua).

Melodic and heavy, the album includes a guest appearance from **Lanny Cordola** of **Giuffria**. Watch out for live dates too, and already confirmed is an appearance at the annual Greenbelt festival, the Christian equivalent to Donington, on August 27 with more club dates shows to follow.

MAGS SAY 'TA' THIS XMAS

■ ***MAGNUM**, WHO have finally broken through in a big way with the recent Top 20 hit single **'Start Talking Love'**, capitalise on their success by undertaking four pre-Christmas gigs in December. Planned as a thank you to their loyal fan following, the band will be presenting a revised and very large stage production incorporating laser and special lighting effects. In addition to the live shows the band will be releasing a new specially packaged single, details of which will follow shortly.*

*The gigs are as follows; **Edinburgh Playhouse** (£6.50, £7.50) December 14, **Birmingham Playhouse NEC Arena** (£7.50) 16, **London Hammersmith Odeon** (£7.00, £8.00) 19 and 20. All tickets are on sale now at box offices and usual ticket outlets. See yer down the front.*

■ **GRINGOS LOCOS** from Finland fly in to the UK for their first ever British date supporting the **Rainmakers** at the **London Astoria** on July 6.

■ ALTHOUGH NOTHING has been confirmed, *Kerrang!* understands that **Yngwie Malmsteen's Rising Force** are planning to play UK dates in the Autumn, with late September or early October being the most likely period. Whether Yngwie will be supporting a major act (possibly the **Scorpions**) or undertaking his own gigs is not known. We'll keep you posted.

■ SINGER/SONGWRITER/guitarist **Jon Butcher** is currently recording a new album for a September release on Capitol. Provisionally titled **'Waiting For A Miracle'** and produced by **Spencer Proffer**, the album will follow hot on the heels of his critically acclaimed **'Goodbye Saving Grace'** LP released last year. Butcher's backing band now consists of keyboard player **Tom Gimball**, bassist **James Carter** and drummer **Ron Sage**.

■ **KIM MITCHELL**, erstwhile leader or the great but sadly lost **Max Webster**, is back in the studio recording a new album set for release on the Aquarius label sometime in the late Summer. Produced by **Paul DeVilliers** (**Yes**, **Mr Mister**) this will be Mitchell's first release since his last album **'Shakin' Like A Human Bein''** in 1987.

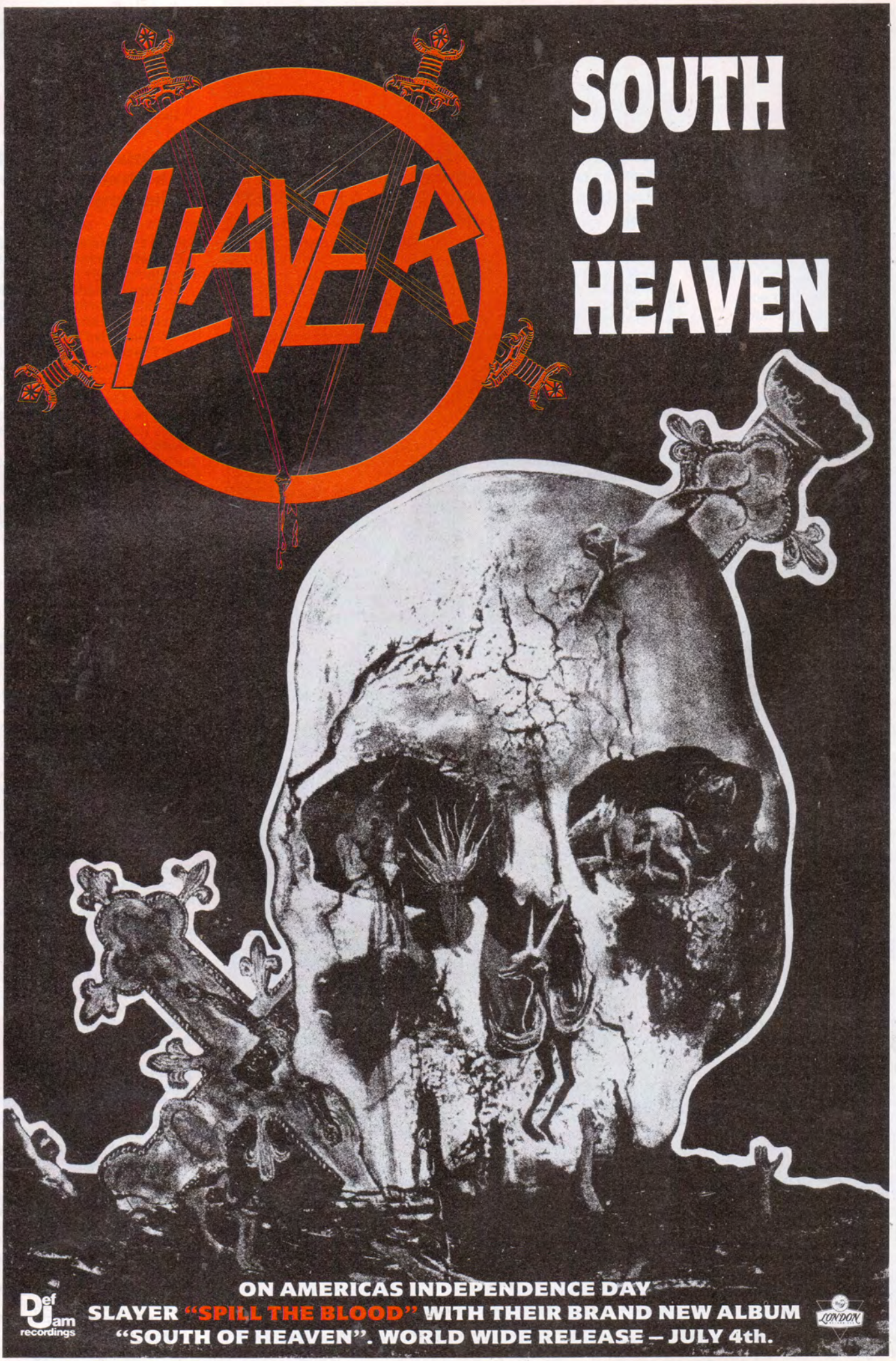
MORE MAYHEM PAGE 35

Pic Peter Anderson

VOW WOW IN TOWN

■ ***VOW WOW** have entered Townhouse recording studios in London with producer **Ian Taylor** (recently aligned to **Well Well Well**) to record tracks for an upcoming October album release on Arista. Kerrang! understands that Taylor will complete three songs with the band, namely **'Talkin About You'**, **'Sign Of The Time'** and **'Rock Me'** (a prospective single set for release July 14) before swapping producers and linking up with **Tony Tavenor** (**ELP**, **Ya Ya**) to complete the project.*

*The band, still featuring bassist **Neil Murray**, will head out on a national tour of Japan during September before returning to play dates in the UK and Europe.*


SLAYER
SOUTH OF HEAVEN
ON AMERICAS INDEPENDENCE DAY
SLAYER "SPILL THE BLOOD" WITH THEIR BRAND NEW ALBUM
"SOUTH OF HEAVEN". WORLD WIDE RELEASE – JULY 4th.
Def Jam recordings
LONDON

INSTINCT FOR SURVIVAL

He's been called the Godfather of Punk before, but with a new album, 'Instinct', built upon the raw power spirit of old AC/DC albums, IGGY POP is ready to be hailed as the Godfather of Metal. Which is exactly what STEFFAN CHIRAZI had him down as all along . . . doncha just *lurve* a happy ending?

THE HOLLYWOOD sun sparkles. So do Iggy Pop's eyes. They sparkle with enthusiasm, confidence and an inner happiness that Pop probably hasn't felt for the best part of 15 years, the happiness of having again made a product that he himself believed in. The new album 'Instinct' marks Iggy's true return, a matured crash-bang rebellion from the true pioneer of ba-ad.

Sitting opposite me, a slight figure, jeans splattered with odd splashes of paint, hair a scraggy orange blond brown and quite the most superb rings I've ever seen, Iggy Pop looks controlled and content with life.

We're offered coffee, he chuckles and agrees whilst half scolding himself for having already had two cups this morning.

Iggy's concerned about his own life, health and career a lot more these days.

Which is why 'Instinct' is a vital record this year (see review ish 192). It pays more than a few nods towards the days of the Stooges and '73's 'Raw Power' album.

I suspect that, sadly, many of you don't know who the Stooges are, soooo here's a little explanation. Before I start, let me tell you that the likes of salty old dogs 'Krusher' Joule and Mick Wall were weened on that stuff. It hasn't done them any harm (*Who are you kidding? – Ed*).

See, years before W.A.S.P., and at a time when most of you were dribbling Cow & Gate down your bibs, Iggy was rolling around in ecstasy on floorboards, confidently abusing everyone, getting his dick out and offering to fight everyone as well as inhaling a pharmacy before performances.

He fronted Stooge music, the ugliest, baddest, rawest and loudest piece of nuclear-charged shit that has hit this planet.

The Stooges were pioneers, along with Lou Reed, of loud music that relied not one iota on ability, just on feel.

Yeah, feeling, adrenalin, gut instinct and raw energy. It was lewd, rude and quite beautiful in its rough-house delivery.

Then Iggy 'disappeared' into somewhere, making albums that I'm not altogether sure he likes, certainly albums that illustrated the chameleon-like brilliance/shit that Iggy could deliver. And now 'Instinct'. It's Iggy's way of telling you that he's the Godfather of Punk and Metal, that he was there first and that you won't be allowed to forget that.

'Instinct' is one loud, raw and heavy rockin' f**k of an album, displaying as little finesse and as much noise as possible. You like AC/DC right? This model's engine came from the same factory.

And so I suggest to the frail and very modest figure of Iggy Pop that this is his way of telling everyone the Goddamn truth, that he was there before most of these young whippersnappers. He shuffles, chuckles and looks just a touch ruffled, not wanting to look conceited.

Go on Iggy, I say, enjoy yourself!

"I wanted to go out and prove who I am, you're damn right I want to! I don't wanna feel like, 'Well I'm 41 years old so it's time for me to quietly retire into some chair,' or something. It's a temptation to shout it out, but I just have this big thing I feel that . . . "

He looks up, half-sorry, half-cheeky and half-confused, before blurting:

"It's something about saying that though, that makes me uncomfortable, it's like braggadocio. And with me it's not so much letting them know how I was first and that I did it, I think . . . (big breath) I'm better right f**king now and I think that if you put me on stage with a lot of these bands, I blow 'em to kingdom come."

IT HURT HIM to say it, but he looks a touch relieved.

"That's maybe why I like to get on stage, 'cause I'm the type of person that'd attack the audience there as I couldn't do it in real life. When I'm up there I can beat on my chest, point at my dick, but I have trouble being outward like that offstage. I kinda wish I could do all that offstage but it doesn't seem to happen . . . "

Almost apologetic that.

What I love most about Pop in '88 is the fact that 'Instinct' is a direct kick in the faces of those who worship the Stooges for their nostalgic content, yet wouldn't so much as flip a finger at anything as 'dumb' and 'gen-e-ric' as 'Huh, that AC/DC stuff'.

Eat shit and swill it, doggies, this is all those things in one beautiful and hard-assed ball. But will our trendies like it? Will they allow themselves to? They'll probably snort and tell you that all this 'hard rock' comparison is a figment of our own Metal-f**ked imaginations.

"Before I did this album, I had a friend who advised me to check out AC/DC. I'd never listened to them before, I think it was those shorts. Anyway, I was not too into it, sort of like, 'Who is this guy playing in shorts, what sort of shit is this?' And then I listened to them and they blew my f**king mind!

"Rick Rubin came and visited me on the West Coast, I played him some stuff. He listened to about 20 riffs I'd done and picked the one I finally used for 'Tough Baby'.

"And then I had the greatest thrill about five days ago," recounts Iggy excitedly, "I went and saw them and that was f**kin' mind-blowin' stuff! That was the main band I got the spirit of this recording from."

He was never a man who looked to ability to create his quite enormous raw power.

"Yeah, the Stooges could barely play," recounts Iggy with blatant pride.

"What's great about not being able to play, is that if a band has some ability and intelligence they usually put too much effort into making sure they don't make a wrong move."

HIS AFFINITIES lie with the Metal crowd, and it's all in the gut. He sips some of that taboo coffee and explains.

"I feel more with them because of the intense relationship they have with the music, as opposed to someone who as soon as they have the house furnished, bought their car, done their hair, had their nice dinner, then says, 'Let's have a little music'. You know what I mean?

"I feel more of an affinity with the people who buy an apartment and they buy a stereo and that's all they got. Kinda how I feel myself. It's kinda hokey to say this, but it's kind of a religious thing with me, and that's my centre of everything, music. That's why I got cleaned up and shit. I couldn't have done it if I wasn't thinking, 'I can make something really really good'."

He takes breath, supports his chin with one of those superbly ringed fingers and fixes a stare.

"So that's what I wanna do now. The music part is something I feel in terms of what I call the true 'intoxication quality' or the stuff that is quite simply gettin' me off. And that's where I think me and the Metal crowd share ground, gut feeling. I get quite upset at some of the stupid pop these days, it's got no guts and it isn't even good pop like in the '70s. People like the Sweet . . . that was great pop. But now I'm even having trouble with someone like Prince, and he's a good musician.

"It's like this," drawls Iggy, face a whirlpool of disgusted wrinkled lines, "this technicality shit seems to be down to ability, and who can get the best drum tones and everything else, I'll put this out and everyone will accept it. It's them in their perfect world with their perfect sneakers, and it doesn't impress me at all . . . I get nothin' outa that . . . zero."

The Stooges really have quite a lot to answer for then, as far as the average Joe should be concerned.

After all, an influence is an influence.

"I see some influence, but I honestly think that maybe it's an overrated thing at this point," he says with reservation in his voice. "I just think I'm one of the many. I think I've contributed a lotta things and I'm really proud to have done so. Let's face it, if you can look and say you contributed even just one thing, that's pretty cool."

IGGY HAS PLAYED the generation game to great effect by enlisting the services of ex-Sex Pistol guitarist Steve Jones, now a Hagar-like blond ex-patriot who's soaking rays and thrashing Harleys into dusty LA roads.

Indeed, in many ways Steve Jones has become the absolute epitome of LA rock. Even the guitar on 'Instinct' at times resembles that glossy chug of crüesin' Metal.

Mention this to Iggy and he'll break you a large smile, like that of a proud parent.

"Yeah, me and Steve . . . there's a real close thing

between what he does and what I do. It's funny, but after I got to know him a bit in '85 he said to me that he used to listen to Stooges records over and over to learn how to play until his fingers bled and shit. I dunno quite how it made me feel, an inner pride I guess.

"But Steve has this gut feeling, he's definitely the one for that and that's my thing. I especially like it when he plays a solo, he doesn't just (Iggy's face contorts and his voice makes the noise of a thousand w*nk leads being jerked) have this flurry of nothing, he takes his time. You never know when or what he's gonna hit you with."

Iggy took the modern way out with 'Instinct', choosing to have Bill Laswell produce with him.

"My whole idea with this record, what I told Bill Laswell, was that I didn't like a lotta his stuff, even 'Orgasmatron', and I wanted him to take just that bit more time finding my sounds with me. That's what I like about Bill, he listened to my demos real carefully and he'd find what I wanted."

To Iggy, drums are something of religious importance. I can tell this because he pours his heart out when asked about them.

"I didn't want the drums to have this super big 'macho American' sound. That's just why I hate Bruce Springsteen records, I can't stand that big snare tone, it doesn't make me groove it just hurts my ears. I actually used Mike Clink's Guns N' Roses drum sound as a guide for what I was after, I thought they were real good."

Maybe the most Iggy song on the record is the hypnotic brain-drain riff of 'Squarehead', mesmerising in its implantation and certainly a product of Pop's experiences.

"That was written in the studio, we were working on another track and he started playing that and I screamed 'STOP' (the 'he' is, of course, Steve Jones, detectives). Let me record this, and so he did it once more, we kept the second take."

Some of the lyrics seem a touch retortful.

"Oh ya mean like, '*You can call me a fool for thrashing around*'? Well that was a funny line for me to write, and the one before that is '*You can burn my bridges down for laughing*'. What I'm trying to talk about is how a lotta people had problems with my stuff, even my name.

"To this day a lot of people, especially if they're not into music and they don't know me, they'll get introduced to me, 'This is Iggy Pop', and they just look at you like 'Hahahahaha'. So it was just my way of sayin' you can laugh all you want but as far as I'm concerned I'm alive and you're not!"

IGGY POP: "I think me and the Metal crowd share ground, gut feeling"

DWARFS GROW CRAZEE!!

The hairdos are bigger, the new record label is bigger, and hell, according to DEREK 'Big Man' OLIVER even the music is bigger . . . but the KILLER DWARFS haven't got any taller. Never mind, the new LP 'Big Deal' sees them reaching new heights . . .

DA DWARFS: "Anyone can be a Killer Dwarf, even you Derek"

IF SMALL is beautiful, then the Killer Dwarfs must surely be the most gorgeous Metal band to have emerged from Canada since Coney Hatch. No messing kid, this four-piece riot house of a rock group are laying down some of the most serious riffs this side of gargantuan money spinners such as Dokken, Def Leppard, Great White and Kiss.

We're on the telephone to lead vocalist Russell Dwarf and he's trying to kid me that all the Killer Dwarfs are related and live in Dwarf village just outside Toronto.

"We've recently acquired a video camera," he tells me enthusiastically. "So now we're making lots of Dwarf home movies. It's so that our kids can see what sort of parents they had when they grow up. We've got a sense of heritage up here in Dwarf village y'know."

Tell me Russ, are you a happy Dwarf?

"Nah, I'm always pissed off. It's not that I'm a glum guy, actually I'm very good with the jokes and stuff, but I tend to worry a lot. The Dwarfs have had a tough time over the last few years and it's a big responsibility being the spokesperson for a persecuted group."

Do you all live together then?

"No, not really, but we do live close by. Actually, and I know I shouldn't say this, I live in a small house with three French Canadian women. They look after me. We watch a lot of TV together . . . stuff like old Bogart movies."

What were you like as a kid?

"To tell you the truth I was very small. I was the oldest in a family of five, a bit quiet but a terrible stop-out. I used to ride my tricycle around and go out of the village for miles. My parents used to punish me very severely, they'd beat me to pulp!"

Russell is, as I think you'll agree, a very interesting character.

SUAVE AND sophisticated Russ is not. Neither are the rest of the Killer Dwarfs. They are serious committed rockers with one specific goal in their tiny minds – to become the best hard rock band in the world. To this end they have recently signed a lucrative recording deal with Epic records, their first with a major label, and a new album is ready and waiting to take the charts by storm.

Titled 'Big Deal' (what did you expect?), this record indicates that the Killer Dwarfs are a highly individual unit with a strong sense of power. They can be hard rocking or dirge-like and perfectly sombre, as they castigate repression through the forceful big time riffs of guitarist Mike Dwarf.

The album was recently given a fairly positive review in *Kerrang!* issue 184 but it is my firm opinion that not enough praise was handed out. I agree that the Killer Dwarfs are not quite there yet, but they are a definite major talent in the making.

Go back in time, if you will, to issue number 54 in which Howard Johnson raved about the Dwarfs in a full-length feature. Howard chomped excitedly at the Dwarfs' self-titled debut album explaining them to be jolly and exuberant, chock-a-block with hard rock 'n' roll reminiscent of early Rush.

That debut album, released in 1983 on the Attic label, in hindsight did very little for the band. In commercial terms the record sold reasonably well but not in the quantities Attic had envisaged. So with all the forethought of a retarded hamster they insisted that the Dwarfs pen 'accessible' material, hooking them up with all sorts of songwriters including Nick Gilder who provided a pop hit 'Hot Child In The City' for them to cover.

This was a ludicrous state of affairs and within a matter of months the Dwarfs had all but removed themselves from the label. It was a particularly low-spirited time for the band, a period that eventually led to the departure of original guitarist Bryce Dwarf who ran away with a circus and was replaced by a neighbour called Mike.

"When Mike came into the band he bought us a more defined musical direction," Russ told me proudly. "He also helped us to write good songs. We used to write loads of riffs and stick them together with a guitar solo or two but suddenly we were discovering what it was like to be professional.

Losing Bryce wasn't the only blow. Towards the end of 1984 after a hideously intense nationwide tour playing every toilet in Canada, bass player Ange Dwarf decided enough was enough and split to become a lollipop man back in Dwarf village. Six months later the perfect replacement was found in Bad Ron Dwarf.

BUT STILL THE Killer Dwarfs could not attract the attention of a major international recording company. And so, in a fit of pique, they hatched a game plan to rule the world. Russ masterminded a series of robberies on a string of Seven-Eleven stores, and used the pickings to finance the recording of an album. Once completed, they planned to sell the masters to whoever offered the most money.

Unfortunately the plot backfired when no offers were received. Undaunted they approached Maze Records, a well established Canadian independent label, that had released product from Saga, amongst others, who seemed more than pleased to help out.

Meanwhile down in San Antonio, Texas, something stirred. The Killer Dwarfs were suddenly gaining popularity with local DJs picking up on their debut album. Kids called the radio stations demanding to see the Dwarfs live. Gigs were arranged and hey presto . . . it's Beatlemania all over again – even if it's only localised to San Antonio.

'Stand Tall', the Killer Dwarfs' second album, hit the bullseye dead centre. The music was a lot harder than on the initial LP and the songs represented a major progression, strongly reinforcing their potential almost to the point of perfection without ever losing the power intensity that is the group's trademark. Superb.

That record was an unmitigated success from every view point. They toured incessantly, in both Canada and the United States, and ended up selling something in the region of 80,000 copies. Riding their new wave of interest proudly the band booked a date in New York, invited some of the larger labels and ended up signing to Epic.

Last Summer the boys started pre-production on a set of finely honed songs, some material that had been kicking around for several months and some written with the new label in mind. Producers were discussed and British chap Simon Hanhart (Marillion) finally landed the job.

"We knew exactly what kind of record we wanted to make from Day One. Simon understood the criteria perfectly and he helped us to achieve that ideal. We attempted to make some rather complex arrangements sound simple and I think we worked it out okay. It was a case of stripping songs down to the basics and then rebuilding them yet still keeping the same feel."

Do the Killer Dwarfs have a message for us all?

"Our name is the message," snaps Russ. "It stands for a particular attitude which can be adopted by anyone, an underlying belief that the underdog can and will eventually triumph. Anyone can be a Killer Dwarf, even you Derek. We can make your dreams come true."

Tell me about the live show, I've heard you get up to some pretty wild things?

"The object of the show is basically to pay homage to rock 'n' roll. We play hard, heavy and loud for sure and, well, anything can happen. It depends on what kind of night it is.

"I used to swing over the audience on a rope, sort of like Tarzan, but I don't do that anymore. Well, not since the accident."

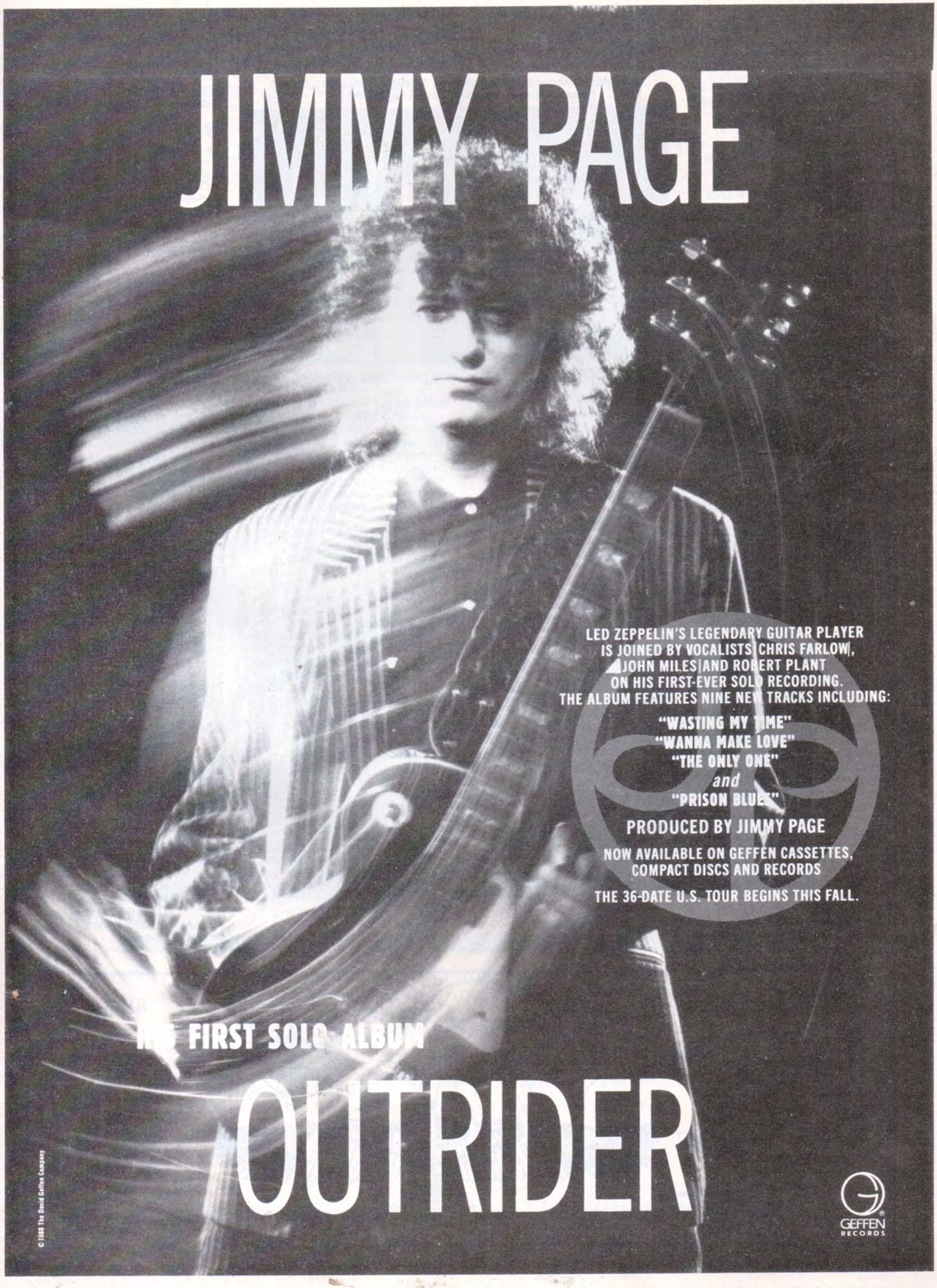
What accident?

"I did it once and the rope slipped and I landed with my ass crashing into this big solid table. I didn't want to cry like a baby so I made out that it was all part of the show. Nobody noticed.

"These days I just stick to riding my tricycle around the stage. Actually I broke it the other day so I've got to go out and buy a new one. To tell you the truth they're a damn nuisance to me because I have to spend days making special flight cases. You should try making a flight case for a tricycle, it's no holiday that's for sure."

How did you sign your names on the recording contract?

"We signed as Dwarfs of course. In fact they spelt Darrell's name wrong so we had to sign it twice!"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KOMMUNIKATION

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MANOWAR: self-indulgent knob end (that's the reviewer)

MORE 'WAR

I FIND IT quite sad that after buying your usually good mag since its first humble offering (I still have issue one yellowing and battered in the corner) my first letter to you has to be a complaint of falling standards.

I'm talking about: **a**) No Kommunikation in ish 192, **b**) Only the second time in 12 months that you print even the word 'Manowar', and it's an incorrect statement.

Manowar are one of the best HM bands to ever grace my turntable (I know what I'm talking about because I've been listening to HM longer than the average Def 'Pop music' Leppard fan's been out of nappies). Joey DeMaio is probably the world's best bass player. I doubt if Steve Harris could even spell 'piccillo bass', and Eric Adams' vocals are absolutely second to none. Check out 'Black Arrows', 'Secret Of Steel' or 'Blackwind, Fire And Steel' for proof.

And what do we get to read on them? One slag-off live review by a self-indulgent knob end in ish 191.

And to cap all this there was no review of the brilliant concert at Hammersmith in March by Meat Loaf. The man gave a faultless performance in an amazing two-and-three-quarter hour-long set.

If David 'girlie and pussy-whipped' Coverdale thinks his poor excuse of a gig at Wembley was even near value for money, tell him to go and see Meat Loaf and take notes. Lots of notes.

So Barton, get your shit together before it's too late. I remember when *Kerrang!* was a mag that was respected the world over. And to Manowar, I say keep up the good work and keep on fighting the world! We luv ya! **Franky, Essex**

THE WIZARD AND OZ

I AM SOMEWHAT confused. I have read that Geezer Butler (the world's best bass player) has joined Ozzy's band (not the world's best singer, but certainly one of the best performers). Well, my confusion is: **1**) Why would Geezer join Oz? What happened to Geezer's band that I kept hearing so much about? **2**) Has Geezer abandoned his band? **3**) Will Geezer be on Ozzy's album? **4**) Does this mean . . . could it possibly mean, THE BEST HEADBANGERS OF ALL TIME could be reforming (of course I mean the *real* Black Sabbath)?

I've always thought that Oz on his own has been a load of bollocks – Sabbath without Oz have been a load of shit.

I anticipate Geez and Oz together again as being the best thing to happen this year (with the exception of Donington).

Could you possibly print a few lines on this topic? I do think loads of people are bewildered about this union. **David Ream, Sheep Street**

S'NOT METAL

I BOUGHT the new Tigertailz single today, and after glancing at the front cover I noticed that the tart in the top right of the picture had a bloody great schrom stuck in his left nostril. They obviously spent so much time practising their hilarious pouts that they forgot to blow their powdered proboscii. Or maybe Pepsi wants to do a poster in *Mega Metal Kerrang!*? Apart from that little problem, the single's pretty good. **A concerned nose doktor**

DEBATING RATING

YOUR K-RATING album review system is utterly idiotic. On one hand you have Del-boy's endless five-K wimp album reviews (you know – overladen with delightful hooks, soaring layered harmonies, undercut by swirling rhythms, pure as Summer love but elusive as the ethereal song bird etc etc), and on the other hand there's Paul Miller giving four-and-a-quarter Ks to the new Priest album 'Ram It Down' in ish 185 (wooaarghhh!).

Now this really is sad; I can understand loyalty – I own every Priest record ever – but this is the ultimate Janet And John release. Despite the Godawful cheapo drum-machine sound that Dave Holland supposedly produces, there are actually a couple of half decent tracks, but the lyrics – Jesus H: *'Do you like it heavy/Do you love it mean/Do you want it dirty/We don't play it clean'* ('Come And Get It'). Nice one lads (sad, very sad).

However, the final straw comes in ish 187 when Queensrÿche's 'Operation: Mindcrime' receives an enthusiastic, but only four-K review (from Del-boy). You know, it's either very sad or *Kerrang!* works in mysterious ways. **Andy, Leytonstone, London**

THUNDER-STORMING

I AM GLAD to see that Johnny Thunders has at last received some attention in *Kerrang!*, even though it was small.

Thunders has held, and still holds, a uniquely important place in rock music and many bands have been greatly influenced by him (just ask Michael Monroe and Stiv Bators). An interview is in order to show this trendy new breed of pseudo-sleazemongers just who is the king of the gypsies.

I have one thing to say to those people (you know who you are, Duff McKagan excepted): "Smell yer Ma".

Give Thunders the coverage he deserves, and give this letter the space it deserves (Sluurrppp!!). **Enoch, Co Derry, N Ireland**

RE: UNITED

DEAR MISS Agorelius, may I thank you for a good review of Judas Priest (ish 189), but one little point; if I remember rightly Judas Priest played 'United' at the Birmingham Odeon in 1983. I know cos I was there singing along. **Andrew Deeks, Hollywood, Birmingham**

BACK FOR THE BOOGIE

TO THOSE of you who have lost faith in the world's top good-time boogie band, Status Quo, I have just been listening to the new album and what we have here is eleven out of 12 classic Quo songs.

This is truly one shit hot album. The only bad egg is 'Burning Bridges', which sounds like an ice-cream van was parked outside the recording studios; basically a good song but with a touch too many keyboards.

Quo have taken a lot of stick for their last couple of albums and I suppose some of the material was pretty bland, but the new album is a different story – we seem to be back to some good old-fashioned infectious good-time boogie.

Who gives a liquid fart if Rick Parfitt looks like David St Hubbins (Spinal Tap) or if people laugh at you for buying their albums and make comments about Quo sounding like Chas n' Dave? Ignore those ignorant dickheads because Quo are back and rockin' **Throbbin' Robin, the Merrydown Kid, Anster, Fife**

NO RAW DEAL

THE UTTER brilliance, supreme magnificence, total greatness – what more can I say about the new W.A.S.P. video, 'Videos . . . In The Raw!'. It is the best video I have seen in my entire life and for the measly sum of £9.99 I bet you can feel the urge to go out and buy it right now. Every song is a masterpiece and the videos will dwell in all of your evil and perverse minds for the rest of eternity. W.A.S.P. are best, Blackie is God. **Benny the Animalistic Ballcrusher, Godstone, Surrey**

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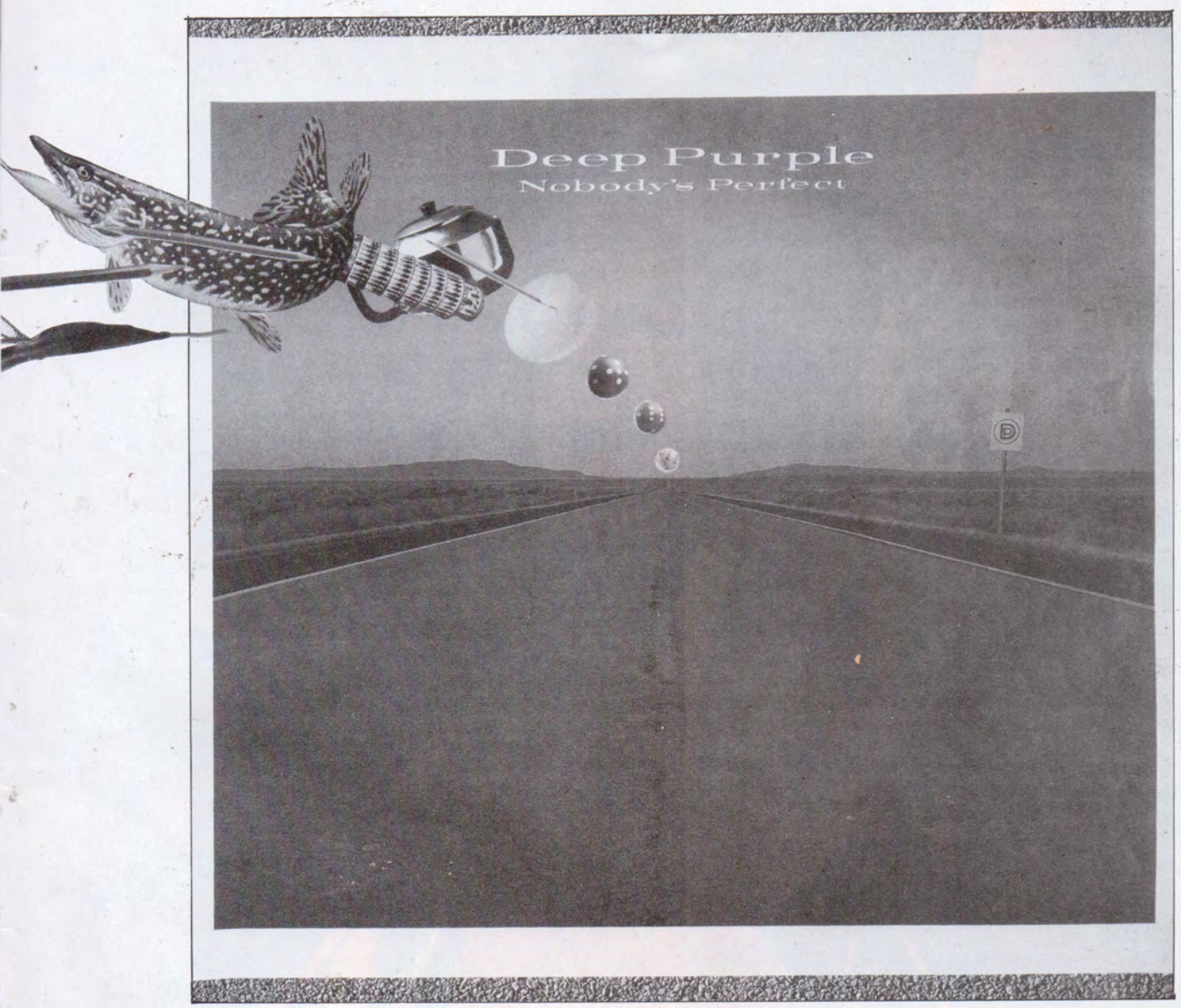

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***MATTHIAS JABS** of the Scorpions: "We don't wanna deliver a certain piece of vinyl every two years just to be on time . . . that's so stupid!"*

Pic Joe Giron

Rhythm Of Rock

They might be long in the tooth and have receding hairlines, been together 15 years and made eleven albums, but the SCORPIONS can still show the young 'uns a thing or two. So says Steffan 'Whippersnapper' CHIRAZI based on evidence gathered below and at a US Dinosaurs (sorry, that should have read Monsters) of Rock show in Florida

HUMIDITY CAN be a very unsettling and uncomfortable thing. But to such cool and seasoned performers as the Scorpions, it presents no problem. Whilst sweat forms on the backs of just about everybody at the Tampa Stadium, Matthias Jabs strolls along at what is certainly the most leisurely pace I've seen all day at this Monsters jamboree. Nothing is too difficult, it's all a form of relaxation, it's all good fun and it's all part of the game.

You can afford to affect such airs and graces when your latest album is riding mighty in *Billboard*'s Top Ten albums, when you're part of a record-breaking tour with Van Halen and when you have already taken the 'heat' to an intense degree.

If any band over the last few years have been expected to fail, that band are the Scorpions. Respect for the elders in rock has become a thing of the past, and following the four-year wait for the new studio album, many had written them off.

But that album, 'Savage Amusement', delivers with a virility I didn't know the Scorpions still had. It's not a big flabby mega-rock drone, it's not a tired bloated fart on the turntable, it's a display of how to build upon strengths and capitalise on experience. This is the Scorpions best outing, song for song, since 'Lovedrive'.

Just goes to show, a bit of thinning hair and a few wrinkles mean absolutely nothing in this particular circus.

In ish 193 you will have read my appraisal of the band's performance at this Tampa show. Fully justified praise – of course they can still cut it live. When you've trodden boards for as long as they have then you're bound to have your stuff down to the bone, you're gonna know which way to shake or what moves to make and they're gonna be gold-plated.

With the Scorpions the news is clear and loud. They still are everything you expected them to be. And whilst that isn't always a trip to rocket land, it's always value for your money.

MATTHIAS JABS has a better tan than any of the Floridians I've seen today and he has better manners too. Matthias knows how to court the press, as do all the Scorpions. It's a task they've always taken very seriously. Been doin' this long enough to know that the only good press is good press.

He smiles confidently and sits with the assurance of a man who has more money than you have, which is certainly not rude, ungracious or offensive. It's brute professionalism, cold efficiency and polite execution of duty.

As Matthias sits there all calm, I wonder if those considerably developing Scorpion brows got at all furrowed by the blood-dog press bitches awaiting collapse?

"People are always waiting for you to make a bad record or to do something wrong," he says with an assured smile. "There is always that outside pressure. And you also have it from within yourself, because you want to finish the album but in a way that you can live with it. You must remember that we will be living with this record every day for a long, long time.

"You guys can afford to just write about it now . . . " he flicks his wrist casually, " . . . and forget about it in a few days. We cannot, we will be playing this all Summer and longer, and you have to look and sound into it. You can't unless you are!"

But in working the length of time the Scorpions did, isn't there the risk of overworking, of over-doing everything on the whole damn record?

"Of course there is that risk," replies Matthias still unruffled, "but if you are in a situation where you feel you must try more things in order to come up with what you want, then you must do them. Especially when you've done as many albums as we have, you know not to just record it and release it as quickly as possible.

"You are also much, much more aware of the dangers of repetition, of what you can get out of a studio and of having the courage to take time and try things out.

"We have to really like what we're doing and what we've done, you have to be convinced to convince others. How the hell can you get across to 50,000 people otherwise?

"This means that during recording you have to travel many roads to get the right results. Sometimes it's a wasted journey and you end up using what you had in the first place. But at least by doing this you don't feel like there's something else you could've done, you've checked out all the possible ways and you feel much better for it. That's just what we did on this record."

Studio experimentation led to something that smacked me in my little chops quite hard, the fact that although Dieter Dierks did of course produce this album, it doesn't sound like any of his other productions. This actually has a crispness to it, a crack in its sound that Dierks doesn't go for. Enter Mike Shipley and Nigel Green on the mix . . . in London.

"Yes I know what you are saying," muses Matthias. "Mike mixed five songs, of which we used three, and for some reason we were running out of time and something wasn't happening in Dieter's studio. So we took the tapes to London and Nigel Green, which was a very good and timely move I feel."

For those not aware, Nigel did the Leppard album. Which was an influence, wasn't it Matthias?

"Of course it was a very large point in his favour," he smiles. "He also turned out to be a nice guy, you know? Which really helps a great deal, because it could have been a disaster there, we didn't know him and he didn't know our way of working, but the whole thing turned out very well I think."

Matthias adjusts, strikes a smoke and continues.

"We wanna make music. We wanna make good Scorpions albums. We don't wanna deliver a certain piece of vinyl every two years just to be on time. We don't wanna deliver a scheduled album just so that everything is wonderful and on time, and so as we can do that world tour that we always do at that time, and have that marketing campaign like clockwork ready to go. That's just so stupid!

"I feel that if you take your time and make good music, good business will follow. It makes sense to me anyway."

ALTHOUGH A LOT of the music scene today doesn't, to Matthias. It's been a few years since the Scorpions last looked at the business, and things are moving at an alarming rate.

"I think it's all become even more business-orientated since we were last involved. We are not selling music anymore, more the plastic boxes. Music as in what's on your record or tape isn't the case, it's how good the plastic box is and whatever's in there is in there. I don't like this development at all, which is why we take our time and do it our way."

Lyrically, 'Savage Amusement' has taken a few interesting twists, and whilst I for one wouldn't live my life according to what the Scorpions have to say, some attention must be paid to the thoughts echoed, particularly in a song such as 'Media Overkill'.

"Yes, that song isn't actually connected with us and the press directly," smiles Matthias. "It's more about what's happening these days with communication systems and what will happen in the future.

"All systems have increased so much in recent years, what with satellite TV and so on, and there's so many things happening at once. Now you can get all the world news at the same time.

"We are putting two sides forward here. There is always the chance that a great invention will be used in the wrong way. The good way here, is that you can see a football match in South America in your living room, the bad is using TV to put forward the wrong point of view.

"In America for example, where kids grow up on TV and it's a main part of life, they hear all these adverts, they are told all these opinions and to my mind they lose the ability to decide things for themselves. They start to believe everything they are given.

"They have no way to check what's really going on because they become so reliant on TV and everything. People forming opinions on TV without really thinking about it is very dangerous."

Rather socially conscious sentiments for a band not associated with that level of lyrical awareness.

"Yeah, well it doesn't reflect a direction in which we'll be going, more just experiences that we have. You see, the heavy rock musician isn't a stupid dummy with a guitar in his hands. We are aware of what's going on as much as this way of life allows you to be. We think about a lot of things and talk about them, but you don't always have to make a political statement!

"People probably do underestimate our intelligence but it doesn't change my way of

KONTINUEZ OVER

Rhythm Of Rock

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

doing things. We aren't trying to score high on the intelligence charts, we are the way we are. People see us as they wish to."

ONE THING you might notice about the Scorpions is their relative lack of individual appeal. There isn't one or two above the other three, it's all of them or none of them. Surely someone like Jabs, who doesn't exactly make a dick of himself on guitar and is probably one of the world's better players, must feel like a little self-recognition . . . or more of it at any rate.

"I don't think that's true as far as my maybe wanting more recognition is concerned," says Matthias. "We like to be a group in every way possible, we are five individuals who totally respect each other. We are all good friends and haven't changed this line-up for ten years.

"It feels tighter and better than having two spotlight figures and three quiet guys, which is when it doesn't look so much like a group. Even on stage we all move together a lot, we all work hard and we all play for the group."

But there are kids out there who don't even know the Scorpions individually (tell me that some kid in Utah knows Francis Buchholz plays bass and I'll want conclusive evidence) and surely Jabbsy wouldn't mind seeing his title at the top of some guitar polls?

"The fact that there are some kids out there who don't know us individually doesn't bother us, why should it? We're happy as a unit, I've said that. As for the polls thing, I've looked at some of them and I wonder just how certain names get there.

"Like Poison's guitarist for example," (I'm gonna enjoy this one, he's got disgust written all over his face). "My roadie plays better than him, you know. But I don't really care too much about all that, it's a certain type of poll for certain types of reader, and those guys are usually very heavily hyped and so on. But this popularity stuff is not really important to me."

WHEN IT COMES to egos, the Scorpions seem to have theirs in check. Of course there's a confidence emanating from them, but it isn't brash and rude or abrupt, it's confidence in their ability that you would expect such seasoned successful professionals to have.

MATTHIAS JABS: "The fact that there are some kids out there who don't know us individually doesn't bother us"

"Well I think that staying in a small boring country like Germany has certainly helped us, *hahaha*. If you live in LA or somewhere like that, you are always in the spotlight. Personally, I think it's very important to keep your oldest friends because you don't have too many people in this business that you have known for that long and that well.

"My friends in Germany are very important to me, and as it is I don't see them that much, so I imagine if I lived elsewhere, I *never* would. You see, time-wise it doesn't really make a difference where you take-off from because we do spend so much time travelling. But it is, and has been, vital to have Hannover to escape to.

"When you come back from a world tour to Hannover it puts your life back into perspective and your feet on the ground. Nobody's really into rock 'n' roll there. We are the only ones, so we automatically get away from the bustle of things. We can concentrate on our thing without being disturbed by the band around the corner.

"That would seem to be LA's big problem to me, there is always someone around the corner or in the neighbourhood. Perhaps that is why a lot of LA bands sound so similar.

"You see, another thing that helps us is that as a band we help balance each other out," furthers Matthias. "Weaknesses and ego problems are dealt with from within, and they usually don't have to be talked about because they can be felt amongst ourselves.

"We got big step by step, you see, and that is good because now we are at a stage where nothing blows our minds. It is still a great deal of fun of course and very satisfying, but as far as us being changed as people by anything, it isn't a problem. See, a band like Poison for example are huge right now, but it has all happened too quickly and I don't know if they know why they're big."

AND FOR ALL of you/us w assumed that the Scorpic were nothing more than a group controlled by their work/ business and without any real gut explosions of fun or anger, Matthias has something to say.

"The title 'Savage Amusement' is a statement both of our music and us. We play ballads and we play heavy fast stuff too. As people we can be savage, we can get real angry and upset, we can party like the best of them. We aren't exactly crazies mind you, but we also," Matthias lets a smile curl across his face, "aren't a nice bunch of sweeties."

Matthias Jabs gets up, shakes my hand firmly, thanks me and strolls quietly away to prepare for the show not even an hour away. The only time he sweats in Tampa is onstage . . . even there it has a graceful control.

So have the Scorpions. You don't dig? Look at the sales and listen to the songs, and realise who's finding this all very amusing right now.

FRANCIS BUCHHOLZ and RUDY SCHENKER place their orders with the ice cream man at the back of the crowd

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SUMMER-TIME NEWS

Yeee-haaargh! Yish folks, itsh time t'git up outta yo' rockin' chair, come down offa that porch and listen to some of HENRY LEE SUMMER's down home Metalbilly (*Pardon? – Ed*). Don't worry tho' 'cos the man is a genuine rocker at heart and no country bumpkin, discovers DEREK OLIVER

IN A MAD, MAD world of barnstorming electric guitars and battering ram rhythms, the music of Henry Lee Summer is a welcome reprieve. Encapsulating an expansive middle American feel, Summer's deluxe Metalbilly has enough genuine guts and sparkle to convince those who've up 'til now shied away from such Mid-West madness that this indeed is where it's at.

Already, John Cougar Mellencamp, Richard Marx and John Kilzer have all achieved positive commercial results with blends of country-tinged AOR and a little blues thrown in. It's my sharp dressed guess, then, that our man Summer could well be the next in line for earning the same, if not more.

His self-titled album, recently released on the CBS label in America (a British release looks unlikely at present), contains an impressive array of genuine emotion packed rockers injected with substantial naïvety. Creating an interesting niche for himself, Summer somehow purges his music of the scourge of his rock fundamentalism, making instead an impressive impact with ten beefed-up songs that ROCK!

HENRY LEE SUMMER: "I (live) ten miles from everybody and that suits me just fine"

BORN AND RAISED in Indiana – the same state as John Cougar Mellencamp – Henry Lee Summer, now 32, spent much of his youth flirting with trivial pastimes such as basketball and going to Sunday school. It was here that he first learnt to sing. Injected at the age of 11 with a good strong dose of the Devil's music, Henry suddenly discovered the joy of rock 'n' roll and went around the house humming, much to his parents' annoyance, 'For Your Love' by the Yardbirds.

"I was born on a farm," Henry told me in a hillbilly deluxe croak. "My parents were real strict and religious and I remember once my daddy turning off the television in front of us because the Beatles were playing – I think it was the 'Ed Sullivan Show'. After that, I used to lock myself in my room and sneak a radio in there – that was my big escape."

At the tender age of 16 Henry, by then a fully seasoned guitar player, packed his rucksack and joined a travellin' band playing anywhere and everywhere all over the southern states of America. In between engagements he undertook a variety of small jobs from working in a car-wash to unloading railway box cars.

"I'd only last a couple of weeks in each job because I'd either have to go off and play some gigs or I'd fall out with the boss. Y'see, I'm highly strung and I don't like getting pushed around.

"Now don't get me wrong, I'm not a psychopath or anything and I do like to help people, but what I don't like is being taken advantage of. Understand?"

Moving back to Indiana during the early 1980s Henry hatched a plan to record and release his own album. In 1982 his perseverance paid off when he put out a self-financed single which sold extremely well to hordes of local fans who were, by now, packing out his gigs.

By 1984 he had saved enough money to record an illustrious debut album ('Stay With Me') and two years later he hit back even harder with yet another self-financed LP titled 'Time For Big Fun'.

Throughout the interim, Henry and his manager had been frantically courting the ears of major record labels but to little avail. The people who were interested, and had been flown to see some key showcase gigs, couldn't persuade their bosses to release the necessary money to sign Henry and reluctantly had to pass on his talent.

IRONICALLY, HOW Henry came eventually to sign for CBS was something of a fluke. A secretary had unwittingly given her boss a tape of the wrong artist, namely Henry, but found to her dismay that the A&R manager loved every second of it. Telephone calls were dispatched to Indiana and in no time at all a mutually acceptable deal had been struck.

Recorded at Media Sound studios in New York and produced by Michael Frondelli (Pat Benatar, Billy Idol), Henry Lee Summer's major label debut is a clever concoction of hits and harmonies with a calculating eye on the sort of folk who like their rock heavy but not, er. . . predictable.

"Michael (Frondelli) is basically an engineer, but he told me that he could make the drums sound like John Bonham so that's why I hired him. But between you and me I don't think he managed to do that! Still, he's a nice guy."

To my initial surprise, it turns out that Frondelli actually selected most of the musicians to play on the LP. These days, though, Summer has a hard-working and permanent road band behind him (including two guys from Roadmaster!), and it's these folk who will help to record the next album.

"Hey, don't tell anybody this but I'm going to record the new record at home," whispers Henry. "I'm building a 24-track studio to my specifications. Y'see I want to get an exact sound, something like a mixture of how the Faces, Free and Humble Pie used to be."

I don't suppose there's much chance that you'll move to Los Angeles or New York then?

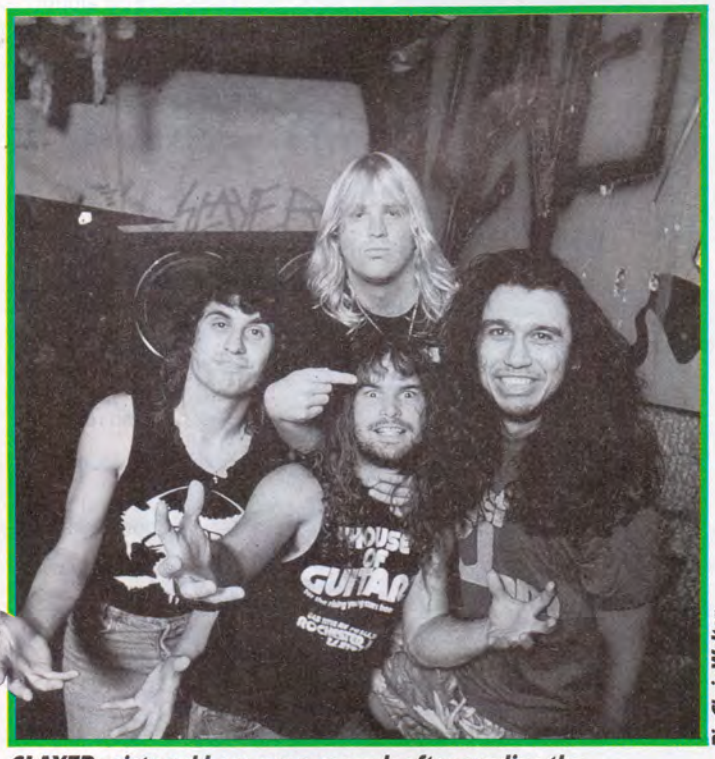
"Nah! I like living in the country. I'm ten miles away from everybody and that suits me just fine. If I lived in LA I'd go nuts or I might start writing Bee Gees stuff! Over here, on my own, I can just let the good times roll and I don't have to worry 'bout a thing."

Right now, Henry Lee Summer is on tour in America supporting Richard Marx. Like so many of the best things in my life, he has no plans to visit the UK at present but that needn't stop us from buying and enjoying his music. Besides, there's every good reason to champion a great undiscovered talent, especially if he's got things to say like this. . .

"I just saw a video tape of a live Guns N' Roses show on the TV. Man, that guy (Axl) can't sing shit! But he's got a great attitude and that's what I like to see."

REKORDZ

WEST OF WALTHAMSTOW



Pic Chris Walter

SLAYER: pictured here mere seconds after sending the normally hardened (and thus rather mouldy) Cheeseburger Chirazi back to his Journey LPs in a fit of sheer 'skared shitlessness'

SLAYER
'South Of Heaven'
(London LONLP 63)
KKKKK

"SO WHAT'S the new Slayer album like then, Geoff?" I asked inquisitively, having just klokked an advance tape of 'South Of Heaven' on the Gaffer's desk. Deafrey looked up from the *K!*'s bare flat-plan, his glasses steamed up with enthusiasm, and roared, "BLINDER! It's a lot slower than 'Reign In Blood' and I'm afraid Cheezer (Steffan Chirazi) is reviewing the album, but I'll run you off a kopy anyway".

A week later I get a frantik phone kall from Alison 'She in't in' Joy asking me if I'd like to review this 'ere Slayer LP coz Cheezer had bottled out! How strange, I thought, maybe the album was just an incy-wincy bit too HEAVY for him – or had he been SKARED SHITLESS by it? After hearing 'SOH' myself I tend to think it was the latter that put Huge Mak off, coz listening to 'SOH' and reading John McCarty's 'Splatter Movies' softbakk by kandlelight I too began to feel just a little bit on edge.

You see readers, every time I turned a page, whatever was koming out of Tom Araya's north 'n' south (mouth) unkannily matched what was before me. For example, as I turned to page 65 there before my eyes was a woman lying naked in a bath full of blood – she was of kourse yet another viktim of Martin the Vampire (one of George A Romero's best films, I hasten to add), and as I study the pikture Tom drools these delightful lines: *'Spill your BLOOD, let it run onto me/Take my hand and let go of your life . . . Now smell the stench of immortality!'* . . . Like, er, SPOOKY, man.

Just then a gust of wind enters the room, the kandle flikkers all too briefly and DIES – now it's just me and Slayer in total darkness (I hope you're not going to have another NIGHTMARE, Geoff?) and this is where the fun really begins. As I rewind the tape for the umpteenth time I ask myself just why Slayer kontinually write songs about the dark side of life – is Los Angeles really that EVIL, DARK and TWISTED? Apart from maybe the Mexican quarter and the Watts I thought LA was just a Tinseltown full of Valley Girls making out on ma's kredit kard or airheads SURFING down at Redundant (Redondo) Beach. But kan you imagine Slayer writing songs about that? Nope, when Slayer write their songs it has to be about the NASTY and UNPLEASANT side of life.

It's still DARK outside and there's a FULL MOON glowing. The tape is rewound. I push the play button and the unmistakable riffs of Messrs Hanneman and King kome menacingly forth, and it's not the usual 100 mph stuff either, this is a more thoughtful Slayer. And this track, the title kut, definitely has a Blakk Sabbarf tinge to it . . . and here komes Tom with *'Before you see the light you must DIIIEEEEE!'* Gawd, we haven't even got to the first khorus yet and the geezer has already taken some poor viktim's life (probably Cheeseburger Chirazi for giving up on the album so soon!).

What we have here is Slayer's outlook on family life – and what a messed up bunch they are, what with *'Promiscuous mothers with your incestuous fathers!'*. Well sordid! Then there's the usual klever linking between songs, this time done with a Ted Nugent type of feedbakk style geetar, which promptly leads us into 'Silent Skream'. This is a lot more uptempo, and just hearing the power and aggression that Slayer put into their musik leaves all kompetition at the starting post. Put this song up alongside the likes of Queensrÿche and Iron Maiden and you'll see what I mean. Maiden and 'Rÿche are good bands, don't get me wrong there, but they simply haven't got the INTENSITY of Slayer, and surely that's what Heavy Metal should be all about?

'Live Undead', meanwhile, is obviously an in-joke between Slayer and Brian Slagel of Metal Blade rekords who keeps on releasing Slayer outtakes, normally with the word 'Undead' somewhere in the title. So, Slagel, in the words of Tom Araya, your time has kome to *'DIIIIIIEEEEEEE'*! (Only joking mate!)

The pace slows down slightly on 'Behind The Crooked Cross', mid-pokket Slayer judging by the speed of Dave Lombardo's faultless drum rolls, although the pace does pikk up towards the end with that ol' one-two, one-two routine on the snare. Side One kloses on a very tongue-in-cheek note with a little dig at me ol' mates Metallika; whether or not it's intentional is hard to say, but 'Mandatory Suicide' definitely has that 'Leper Messiah' feel to it, especially at the beginning, but the rest is very much Slayer as Tom endlessly snarls *'SUICIDE!'*.

I hear the distant kry of a wolf (no, not Lenny!), so we must be on Side Two . . . and what a FAST 'UN! 'Ghosts Of War' is, supposedly the follow-up to the masterful 'Chemikal Warfare'. It certainly matches it as far as SPEED goes, Handyman and King going full pelt with their lead breaks!

Slayer then get religious on 'Read Between The Lies' as Tom preaches in a relaxed voice, *'Kontribute to the kause, let them read your righteous rewards/ Praise the Lord, praise God is what you wish to sell/There is no Heaven with a Hell!'*.

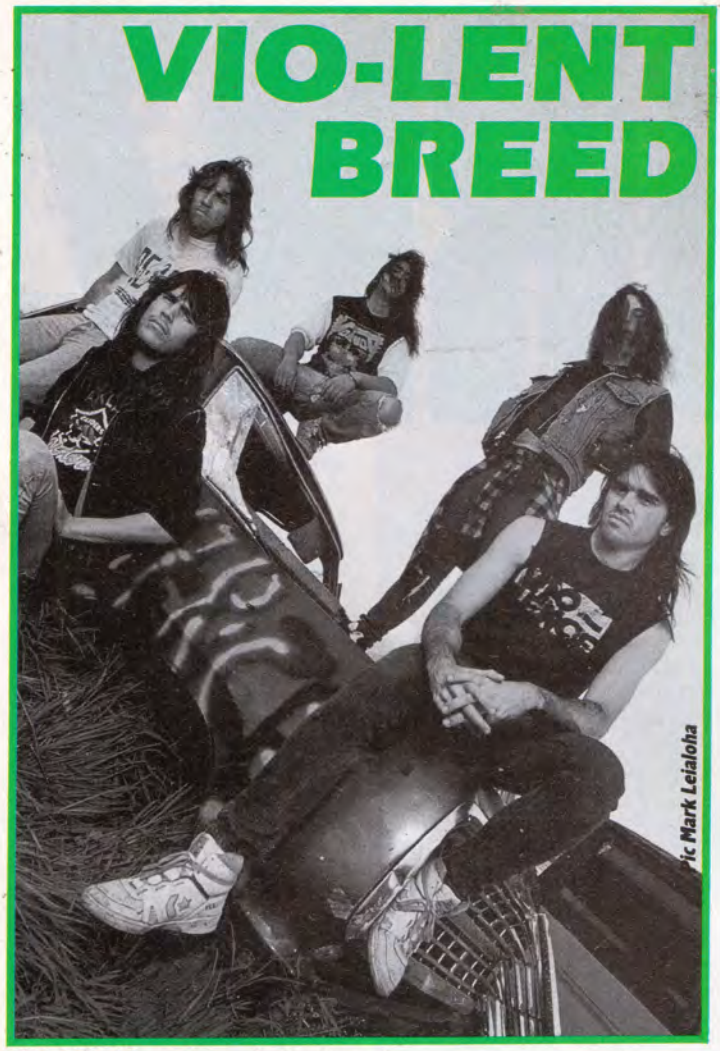
'Cleanse The Soul' is another fast 'un: *'Prepare for the IMPALING!'* screeches Araya – and I thought you were kleansing the soul, Tom? Surprise of the album follows, namely a fine rendition of the Judas Priest klassik 'Dissident Aggressor', and they really Slayerize the song and bring it up to date.

I do believe it was top A&R man John Kalodner who said that Slayer were "art", and listening to the album's klosing kut 'Spill The Blood', I kan see what John's getting at. The way Slayer brush their strokes around songs really is quite remarkable: the way 'Spill . . . ' goes LIGHT, HEAVY, FAST then SLOW, MOODY and GRINDING is what makes Slayer so special – they're like a video nasty on rekord.

The kurrant bun has now kome up and the rekord has kome to an end so I'm off to bed. Nasty dreams, everyone!

XAVIER RUSSELL

VIO-LENT BREED



VIO-LENCE: good . . . but not great

VIO-LENCE
'Eternal Nightmare'
(Mechanic/MCA MCAC 42187 import)
KKK½

FIRST THING I wanna know, before we get into the review of this debut album from the much talked-about San Franciscan quintet, is what's this Violence/Vio-lence crap? Why is the distinction occasionally used and what does it signify? I can't make it out for the life of me, but there may be a good explanation somewhere.

Anyway, onto the album. 'Eternal Nightmare' is definitely a competent, mostly well-played Thrash set with a solid, wall-to-wall sound and enough heaviness to endear the group to the Thrash brigades in general. But more discerning Thrash fans will find faults with both the record *and* the band.

For one, Violence roar along at pretty much the same speed throughout the entire album, infrequently slowing to a more mid-paced rhythm before injecting the fuel again. This is not necessarily a flaw – most Thrash bands do the same thing, after all – but the problem is that Vio-lence's material all tends to sound the same after a while, mushing together in a nondescript blur. Basically, it comes down to the problem of having no particularly memorable riffs or hooks.

'Eternal Nightmare', 'Phobophobia', 'Bodies On Bodies' . . . I've listened to the album ten times now and I can barely remember what the songs sound like.

Another problem is in the vocals of Sean Killian, who often comes across as monotonous and occasionally overbearing, sometimes dishing out histrionic whines that curl my eardrums.

That's the critical part of the review. I will say that Vio-lence certainly have a lot going for them in the intensity department, blowing the songs out in kamikaze fashion, not letting up on the energy level one bit throughout the entire album. The band is tight, although it seems the drums get out of synch sometimes, and even though the riffs don't stand out they still come across loud, crunchy and full of determined venom.

There's definite potential here, but right now I have to say that Vio-lence are still searching for an identity, sounding rather generic at this point. Chirazi says they're awesome live, and I'll find out soon enough, but for now other Bay Area monsters like Death Angel, Testament, and Heathen have nothing to worry about. 'Eternal Nightmare' is good Thrash – but not great Thrash. There's a difference.

DON KAYE

TOKEN ENTRY
'Jaybird'
(Roadrunner Records HR 9539)
KKK⅞

FROM THE musical bowels of New York City come Token Entry, whose second album 'Jaybird' is a definitive crowning achievement. Incorporating Hardcore Thrash and Metallic melodies, Token Entry have a definite winner on their hands.

When requested to review their new album I got an 'eerie' feeling; listening to Hardcore albums has never been a favourite pastime of mine – I prefer banging my head against the floor for my headaches! However, mid-way through this particular new release, reviewing it became a delight. The album simply grew on me.

Though unusual for a Hardcore album, 'Jaybird's words can actually be understood without turning to the lyric sheet.

Token Entry formed seven years ago under the well-known name of Gilligan's Revenge. After a couple of reorganisations, they changed their name and settled down with their current line-up of Mikey Neal, guitar; Ernie Parada, drums; Johnny Steigerwald, bass; and Tim Chunks, vocals.

'Jaybird' contains ten fast-paced Hardcore/Metal tunes, including a rousing 'skateboard anthem' title cut. Other hot tracks to check out are 'The Fire' and 'The Whip'. A great cover of 'Born To Be Wild' is also featured.

Most of all, 'Jaybird' is fun to listen to. Token Entry keep a great humour about themselves throughout the album's tracks. One track that will have you in stitches is 'Pink Things'. This album is a must for collectors.

ED ESPOSITO

LOUDNESS
'Jealousy'
(Atco/Warner-Pioneer P-6268 import)
KKKK½

WITHOUT A doubt Loudness are the premier Japanese Metal band. But in an attempt to succeed on a more international level the four-piece have lost their way a bit so far as their last two studio albums have been concerned, treading very dodgily into commercial ground in an effort to get an American hit.

This new six-track mini album in some ways reflects the forceful nature of a Loudness live gig, even though the songs are all new studio cuts. Produced by the band themselves, with American Bill Freesh taking an 'engineering' role, 'Jealousy' sees the band get back onto the right path that should bode well for their next full album.

Five out of the six tracks are sung in Japanese, but that's okay cos Jap bands always sound so much more comfortable, and a good deal better, when singing in their mother tongue. The title track hints at a Dokken atmospheric approach with Akira Takasaki doing wonderous things to the guitar that beats George Lynch hands down; 'Long Distance Love' comes across as a bouncy number, and if you listen carefully on the chorus you can hear the truly God-like tones of former Angel vocalist Frank Dimino and his not so God-like buddy Paul 'ex-just about everybody' Raymond, who now lives in Tokyo!

The plodding 'Good Things Going' ends Side One, the weak link in the package, only made interesting by a very outrageous Vito Bratta-style solo from Takasaki.

Side Two is, however, a whole different plate of Sushi. 'Die Of Hunger' rips off into orbit as Loudness lay claim to being one of *the* most talented bunch of musos around. The track is an explosive dose of Loudness speed Metal, and the buggers even manage to sneak in short 'solo' interludes too!

Rounding things off are 'Heavier Than Hell', with a very Kiss-like chorus that just reeks of Gene Simmons influences, and 'Dreamer Screamer', the only song to be sung totally in English, which is a typical Loudness back to basics rocker.

Whether you like Loudness or not, the Japanese boys, still boasting the same line up of Takasaki, vocalist Minoru Nihara, bassist Masayoshi Yamashita and drummer Munetaka Higuchi that they've had from the start are hitting back in no uncertain terms in 1988. On the strength of this release I recommend you stick around and check out the vinyl volcano that could be unleashed later this year in the form of a full-blown new album.

DAVE REYNOLDS

DOGS D'AMOUR
'The Unauthorized Bootleg'
(China WOL7)
KKKK

GIVEN THAT this album will be released exclusively in vinyl format and that there'll only be 2000 of them up for grabs, I'd say that this little beaut could be worth a few bob in a coupla years' time.

To a money-grabbing bastard like me that's strong incentive for purchase, but quite frankly I'd have gone and searched one of these out anyway. This is crucial, historical (in a way), and really quite wonderful.

It isn't a brilliantly produced album as you might have gathered from the title, and consists of eleven songs which have been, and I quote, 'surreptitiously borrowed from various sources and were recorded some time ago'. Despite the sometimes demo-ish sound it never falls below acceptable or enjoyable aural quality.

This is as scummy a slice of sleaze as you'll find anywhere, with the Dogs quite happy to parade their own development and inspirations. Listen to the opening track 'Firework Girl' and you could be bopping around to a previously undiscovered Mott track.

The same could be said of 'Heroine' which, to my way of thinking, takes up where 'Irene Wilde' left off. And then ya got 'Pouring Out My Heart' that slips easily into the groove laid down by the Stones with 'Beast Of Burden'.

And then . . . then . . . d'ya get the picture?

I have to say that the first two songs on Side Two just don't hack it alongside the rest of 'em – they remind me of Billy Idol doing Reckless Eric. Not pretty. Having said that, it's a small price to pay for the sheer Bolanesque brilliance of 'Dynamite Jet Saloon' which runs straight into the ultimate Faces tribute 'Swinging The Bottle'. Sheer bloody genius.

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DAVID GALBRAITH

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TOXIC REASONS
'Dedications'
(Funhouse FH12005)
KK

STATE OF CONFUSION
'A Street'
(Subcore 88561-8231 1 import)
KK

HIGH CIRCLE
'Out Of Darkness'
(Subcore SUBLP 006 import)
½K

PRONG
'Force Fed'
(Spigot SPT 2)
KKKK½

TOXIC REASONS have been around for a long, long time. Although vinyl-less since '86's 'Bullets For You' album, their back catalogue stretches back for some eight years.

So, for a band so well established, I expected a lot more than 'Dedications' actually offers. Their rather traditional, energetic punk-orientated approach may be great live but here it cuts little ice, sounding stuffy and somewhat dated. 'Us And Them' is better though, driving and urgent (Neil Young fans might be interested to note that the band cover 'Ohio'), while it must be said the material as a whole is always well performed.

State Of Confusion (aka SOC), a quartet from Idaho, are much noisier. They specialise in a direct, fierce brand of Hardcore, full of jarring guitars.

The blur-like 'Asylum' aside, there's little in the way of ultra-fast blasters and, similarly, sophistication is pretty thin on the ground too. But SOC remain a competent Hardcore act.

High Circle, meanwhile, are an Italian trio. Italy, whilst being home to some of the worst Metal bands in the known universe, actually have something of a reputation for producing halfway decent Hardcore acts.

High Circle, from Rome, are sadly neither Hardcore nor even halfway decent. Awful production, dreadful vocals that avoid melody as easy as they do nastiness, and music that is weak, toothless and sluggish.

Sweeping its predecessors aside with ridiculous ease, the best is saved naturally till last. Already given a definite thumbs-up by Mike Gitter in his recent live review, New York Metal Crossover trio Prong are a welcome blast of fresh air.

Produced by Steve McAllister (COC, Ludichrist), 'Force Fed', the follow-up to their well received 'Primitive Origins' mini album, is one of the best Crossover releases it's been my pleasure to hear in quite some time.

Prong take a Metal perspective and utilise interesting rhythms and lots of feedback to give a different slant. Unlike many of their Hardcore contemporaries, Prong are in control at all times, delivering a full 12 tracks that veer from guttural yet constructive Thrash like 'Senseless Abuse' to Tommy Victor's warped, looping guitar on 'Forgery'.

Vibrant, mean, intelligent and progressive, Prong are gonna be massive.

PAUL MILLER

MASS
'Take You Home'
(Medusa 72270-1 import)
KKKK

NOW SIGNED to Enigma Records, Boston-based Mass have decided to reintroduce their music to the world with this six-track mini album.

It basically represents the material Mass have been toying with since they were last heard from in 1985 with their 'New Birth' LP on RCA, and what we've got here is a selection of really heavy songs, all given an added Van Halen-style touch through the guitar work of Gene D'Itria.

There's four completely new songs – the extremely catchy 'Can't Get Enough', the storming 'Want It Back', 'Over You' (like Stryper on speed) and the title track itself which is very similar in feel to 'Too Far Gone' from the 'New Birth' album, especially the gargantuan vocals of Louis St August, a man to watch out for.

The remaining two cuts were, in fact, previously available on a four-track, self-financed EP released in 1985 prior to the short-lived RCA deal. The band have actually decided to re-record 'Pedal To The Metal' and 'Holy One', both of which sound much more raw than even the original versions. The latter song actually betrays Mass' vaguely Christian leanings and features a mammoth bout of mid-section riffing of a type that I haven't heard since Rush's classic 'All The World's A Stage'! Superb.

Mass are presently recording a brand new album, scheduled for an Autumn release, with none other than Stryper's Michael Sweet in the producer's chair. Stand by, it could be a big one!

DAVE REYNOLDS

STEALIN' HORSES
'Stealin' Horses'
(Arista Castle AL-8520 import)
KK

ODDLY-NAMED band that don't quite live up to the mystery of such a monicker. What we've grabbed hold of here is a project led by two young ladies that combines Heart and John Cougar Mellencamp with a dose of Dire Straits thrown in for good measure.

Despite having the assistance of such seasoned session players as Steve Lukather and Mike Porcaro of Toto, Waddy Wachtel, Jai Winding and even former Krokus/Cobra guitarist Mandy Meyer, the SH LP is mostly acoustic-based 'hick rock' from the type of band that usually had Boss Hogg and Daisy Duke jiving at the end of many an episode of 'Dukes Of Hazzard'.

There *are* some nice touches now and again, but these are few and far between. Only 'Rain' (reminding me of Martha Davis And The Motels), 'Walk Away' (actually a rather delightful song) and opener 'Turnaround' got my appetite up.

Led by Kiya Heartwood (songwriter/acoustic guitar and lead vocals) and Kopana Terry (drums), Stealin' Horses may gain a massive following in the Mid-Western and Southern states but I really can't see them catching on just yet.

Stealin' Horses they may be, but try and steal Marlin and they'll get their asses kicked! Right boyz? DAVE REYNOLDS

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KREATOR
'Out Of The Dark . . . Into The Light'
(Noise International NO118-4 import)
KKKKK

HOT ON the heels of this week's spankin' new Slayer LP komes Krautland's very own Kreator. What we have here FRASHERS is a five-trakk EP, one new song, one kover and three live offerings on the B-side.

Let's start with the newie, entitled 'Impossible To Cure'; it was rekorded very recently in Harris Johns' new Musiklab studio in Berlin, and the end result is nothing short of stunning. Kreator really have kome on leaps and bounds in the songwriting department and their playing has improved too. The introduktion of Tritze as sekond guitarist has given Mille more time to get his lungs round the lyriks without having to worry about the next khord change, and evidence of this kan be found on 'ITC', where the riffs are much more defined and where Mille's growling has gotten a lot better too.

As for the kover, well, a few people might find the choice a bit odd – Raven's 'Lambs To The Slaughter' – yet they do a grand job with a no-nonsense straight down the line version, but given that extra Kreator ingredient – AGGRESSION!.

The B-side was rekorded even more recently – 31 May '88 to be precise – at the renowned Dynamo Klub (hi Andre and Metal Mike) at Eindhoven, Holland, and the three kuts on offer here really do skorch. Firstly there's the title kut of the lads' most recent studio album, 'Terrible Certainty', with the added bonus of this strange double echo geetar effekt. Yep, even the mistakes have been left in which is great – a few time changes are slightly up the swanny, like on my own personal Kreator fave 'Riot Of Violence'. Mille really does get karried away on this toon, and the skream he lets out at the end has to be heard to be believed – it's as if the man had just strangled someone! The EP kloses with a Frash workout in the form of 'Awakening Of The Gods'.

And with that Kreator take off to the USA for a big tour – good lukk lads! XAVIER RUSSELL

BILLY IDOL
'Idol Songs – 11 Of The Best'
(Chrysalis BILTV 1)
KKKK

I CAN'T help but admire Billy Idol: thrashed his way around in the turbulent, muddy waters of late '70s punk with Generation X, eventually gave a gasp and a splutter at the turn of the decade, and looked to be sinking along with the majority of his spiky-haired contemporaries. But then he had the undeniable good fortune to hook up with razor sharp guitarist/songwriter Steve Stevens, and resurfaced with the peroxide plume and lip-curl sneer intact and a slick pop/rock amalgam that is as individual as it is irresistible.

The full rebirth story is graphically and colourfully illustrated by albums like 'Whiplash Smile' and 'Rebel Yell', while edited highlights are spliced together into 'Vital Idol' and, now, 'Idol Songs – 11 of the Best'.

'11 Of The Best' bottles a potent distillation of Idol output that includes the singles (or versions thereof) – 'Hot In The City', 'Rebel Yell', 'Flesh For Fantasy', etc, and overall displays both the tremendous skill and versatility of Stevens the guitarist and also the range and strength-in-depth of the Idol/Stevens partnership.

Just listen to the simplicity and economy of guitar playing that punctuates the pumping rhythmic drive of the glorious 'White Wedding', the graceful musical elegance of 'Eyes Without A Face' and 'Flesh For Fantasy', or the chest-beating chant and romping lyric (*'Last night by my little angel came pumping on the floor/She said, "Come on baby I got a licence for love/And if it expires pray help from above"'*) on the bulldozing 'Rebel Yell'. Even their cover versions 'To Be A Lover' and a superb performance of Tommy James' old belter 'Mony Mony' sit easily among the originals and sound tailor-made.

A very good compilation and a very good album. Highly recommended.

PAUL HENDERSON

GASTUNK
'Mother'
(Vice 25EC-1012)
KKK½

I CAN count all the Japanese Metal bands I know on one hand and still have enough fingers left to give an appropriate gesture if necessary. A thumbs-up in the case of Gastunk, but surely that should be Gas-tank?

The natural ability of the best European and American HM acts for sharp memorable riffs in an organised structure seems to escape those from the land of the rising yen – only Vow Wow have come close to sounding like a Western band. Gastunk are more like Loudness. What they lack in the finer arts of songwriting they make up for in frantic kamikaze dashes through tracks laden with reckless drum patterns and OTT lead guitar.

The lyrical content is pretty much left to the imagination if, like me, you were careless enough to drop fluent Japanese at school. Vocalist Baki does sing the occasional line in English (usually at the chorus), but his English is as bad as my Japanese, so no luck there. On most tracks it doesn't really matter, but I really would like to know what the significance of 'Blue Peter' is in Japan.

The classical guitar during the introduction to 'Genesis-Revelation' is very pleasant and earned my respect for guitarist Tatsu who strikes me as being in the main a very good but not brilliant player.

Sleeve notes give a nod to Don Dokken, James Hetfield and Lars Ulrich, while the puke-inducing cover was designed by Pushead, all suggesting that Gastunk may have relocated to the States or at least spent considerable time there. I hope this leads to a marked progression for their next album. 'Mother' is their third and is worth getting if you're looking for something new to listen to, but not instead of that album you've been saving your dosh specially for. AL RHODES

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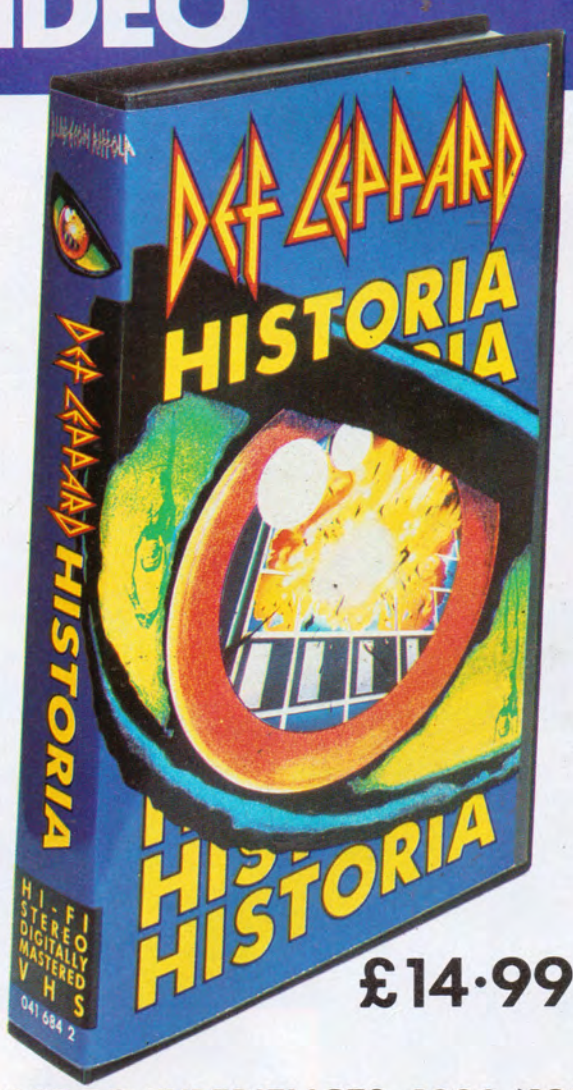

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JOEY TEMPEST: "People are alway trying to dig up the dirt but there isn't any and that annoys them"

EUROPE: sold on guitar solos, a champagne lifestyle and a lemon-sucked pout

THE FINAL TAX RETURN

Remember 'The Final Countdown'? Yeah *that* song, the one that after four listens made you gnash your teeth and shove fingers in your ears in agony. Well those princes of parp EUROPE are back! Porta-keyboards in hand, hairdresser tucked under one neatly deodorised armpit, the blond bombshells are currently recording their new album 'Out Of This World' in luscious London town. CHRIS WATTS wishes he'd brought his wig

THE TAXI driver doesn't really rate Europe. He's an old rocker at heart and wears his crusted Thin Lizzy T-shirt with pride.

"To tell the truth, mate," he sighs, "I gave up music after Lynott died. Europe? They look like Barbie dolls."

They do, actually. They walk and talk without batteries, smile for the cameras and play air guitar to their own music. They're very rich, very Swedish and very pleasant. The perfect package. God, but Europe are so bloody perfect!

Everybody waits for Joey Tempest. The teeny press, the PR, the band, the Olympic Studio crew, me . . . we all wait for Joey. His answering machine is on which means he's left his home. He's on his way.

"He's not very punctual, I'm afraid," someone explains in a strange accent. He'll be here. He wants to talk to you."

That's nice.

Two years ago Europe released their third album. It sold six million copies worldwide. The title track shot to Number One in 27 countries. Europe don't live in Sweden anymore. They can't live anywhere for more than four months without being taxed or even deported. Officially they're residents of a small Caribbean island in the West Indies. Do they actually live there?

"Sort of," bassist John Leven admits sheepishly. He looks at the floor and fiddles with a cigarette.

"We have one guy from the crew who takes care of our guitars and basses. A multi-technician. He was deported yesterday! He was told he didn't need a permit and he went home to Sweden for three days. When he tried to come back they wouldn't let him into the country."

JOEY TEMPEST is 25 years old and strolls into Olympic Studios with the authority of a man at peace with the world. He runs from the PR like a schoolboy but is finally caught in a corner and gently scolded. He went to the George Michael concert last night and overslept.

"*Kerrang!*?" he asks, and flashes perfect white teeth. "Oh, I have to talk to you!"

That's nice.

"You want to hear the single?"

We adjourn to the control room to find Ron Nevison and a heap of gadgets going bleep. The album – 'Out Of This World' – is set for a mid-August release and is to be preceded by 'Superstitious'.

The single is yet another slice of perfect, comfortable radio rock. Boasting a slightly bluesier feel than Europe's previous work, it reflects both their love of tradition and state-of-the-art technology. As the song pumps from the speakers Joey sings along note-perfect in my ear. The rest of the band play the air-equivalent of their respective instruments. All of them join forces to play Kee Marcello's searing solo like fans at their first gig. Joey is in seventh heaven and admits the single is a deliberate move to escape the pressures of duplicating 'The Final Countdown'.

"It would have been the obvious thing to do," he says quietly. "Right now we're trying to keep away from that song as much as possible. We don't even have one song on 'Out Of This World' that is similar.

"We were very pleased with 'The Final Countdown' but it's been two or three years since then. When I listen back to it we sound out of date. It's not really us. The only thing I can say about this album is that *we* think it's better. We know it's better. Now it's up to the public to decide."

"The songs just never turned out along those lines," adds keyboard player Mic Michaeli. "When we record an album we don't have anything in particular in mind, we had 12 good songs and we just wanted to make those songs as good as possible. All our albums have been a step forward from the last one."

Not if you believe John Norum, I venture. Joey's jovial mask slips temporarily. Somebody coughs. Ex-guitarist Norum says he quit the machine back in 1986 because Europe's music was becoming sterile and formularised. Joey?

Joey talks but says nothing. John Leven steps into the breach.

"We know him and why he says that. If you listen to his album, though, it's pretty much like Europe. There isn't that much difference. He keeps telling people that we didn't do his songs and stuff, but I never heard any songs he wrote. He never played us any.

"There's a problem with guitarists," he continues after a deep pause. "A lot of them want to be too flashy. Sometimes it's nice, but it's better to play to a song than do some weird stuff that no-one understands. It's like Yngwie (Malmsteen). He's just a flashy player. I used to play with him back home . . . "

He changes his mind and remains apolitical. " . . . He's a nice guy. He's weird."

But do Europe adhere to any commercial formula?

"The band has all the right ingredients," says Joey, composure restored. "There's a guitar hero, a good keyboard player, a strong image . . . how can I say this? I suppose the formula is that the songs must be good. We have good melodies that could even suit a pop song. They get stuck in your head."

"We didn't even know whether to release 'The Final Countdown' as the first single," adds Mic.

"I remember playing the tapes of that album to a friend and when he played 'The Final Countdown' he said he couldn't sleep! He couldn't get that keyboard hook out of his head.

"On the other hand a song like 'Carrie' is a rest. That's a song on stage where the girls can listen and the boys can go to the bar for beer. Whatever."

EUROPE TAKE their music seriously. If 'Out Of This World' sells even three million copies – which is virtually guaranteed on the back of 'The Final bloody Countdown' – they will not be satisfied. They've been carefully groomed for world domination since 1979, slowly chipping out a reputation which has rollercoasted from winning a local talent show as Force.

Reared on the NWOBHM and such old faithfuls as UFO and Kiss, Europe emerged as the ideal band for the '80s. Guided by their manager Thomas Erdtman they are clean, wholesome and chart-orientated.

The boys are sold on guitar solos and the champagne lifestyle. The girls are sold sex with Joey Tempest's lemon-sucked pout. Parents realise that Europe are harmless heroes and unlikely to corrupt. It's all a little too good to be true, isn't it?

"I know what you're saying," Joey replies. "For a while I thought about that. Maybe it was all a big joke! I know a lot of people would like us to fail. People are always trying to dig up the dirt but there isn't any and that annoys them. We don't take drugs or stuff. I don't think I have to apologise for being successful.

"I'm always aware that people are saying, 'Ha! They were just one-album wonders'. Then we started to rehearse the songs for this (their fourth) album and now I'm not worried. I'm excited. If this album sold nothing then we'd just go back and try again.

"We're with Epic for eight albums so we have the time. It's always nice to sell as many records as 'The Final Countdown' . . . that was our dream years ago."

"It's not wonderful all the time," says John Leven.

In his faltering English he spells out a side to Europe that perhaps Joey and Thomas Erdtman would rather not be seen.

"We had to move out of Sweden to make the band work. That will always bother me. I don't know whether 'roots' is the right word, but it's home. We'll always be Swedish. We can't change that. I was supposed to be going home today but I couldn't get my act together! My parents are still over there. We have to leave England soon or pay tax. We were gonna stay and do a video for 'Superstitious' but now we have to go someplace else."

"We kind of live out of suitcases," says Mic. "We accept that because we've always had high goals and this is just a part of it. We never expected 'The Final Countdown' to do so well. We wanted to be as big as possible but you just never think of the economical side so much. Some people told us to leave Sweden for a while. You never know for how long. It could be two years, five years, maybe even ten years."

IN THE immediate future Europe's sights are set on America. The band are special guests on the mammoth Def Leppard dates and Epic are so happy they can hardly count. American radio will embrace 'Superstitious' and talk about 'charting with a bullet'.

The band plan to bring the show to the UK around Christmas, almost certain to include one date at Wembley Arena. Plans to arrive earlier had to be scuppered when Bon Jovi went to press with their own tour dates. Europe are still sufficiently humble to recognise the competition.

So will Europe eventually become as enormous an operation as Springsteen?

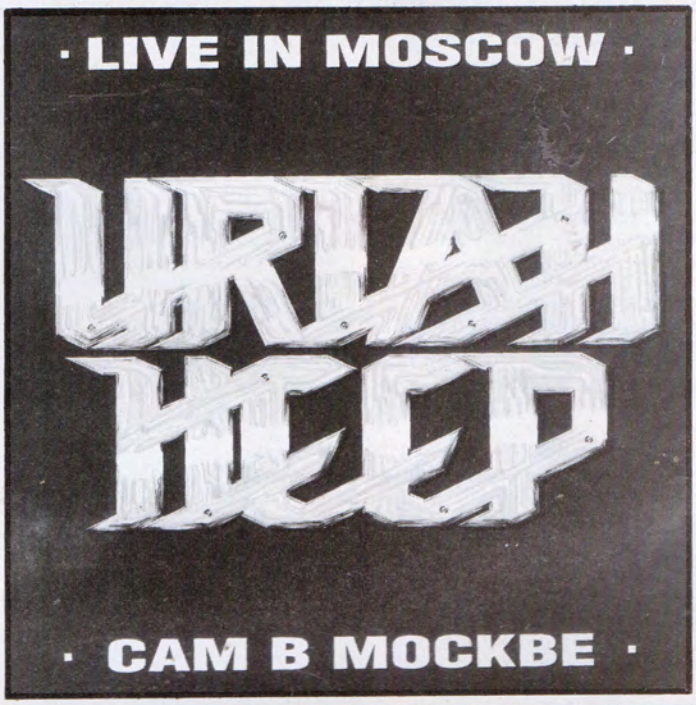
"I don't think so," Mic chuckles. "We're really just a heavy band. Springsteen has a much broader appeal. Could you imagine Springsteen popping into the Marquee for a beer? I wouldn't like to be in a position where I couldn't do that."

"I'd like his audience," Joey admits and sinks back into the sofa.

"Man," he exclaims. "This album is just so heavy!"

No matter how hard the imitators try, there can only be room for one Europe. Somewhere in London a taxi driver remains unimpressed.

URIAH HEEP



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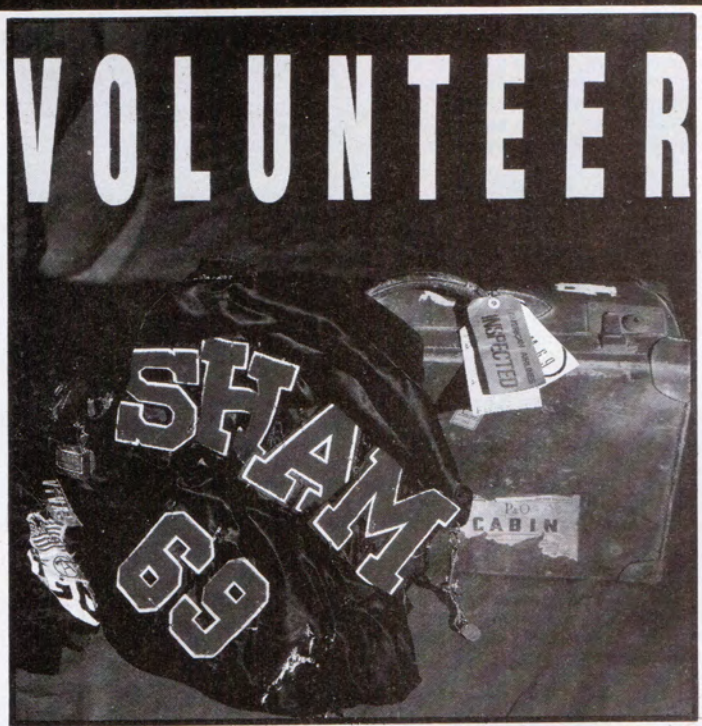

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FILMZ!

'THE DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION PART TWO: THE METAL YEARS'

LET'S START with one warning: don't go to this film if you're expecting a glamorised, glossy look at the wonderful world of Heavy Metal, cos that ain't what you're gonna get.

Director Penelope Spheeris, who made quite a stir with the first 'Decline . . . ' (about the LA punk scene), presents here a portrait of a musical genre that is also a lifestyle, and very often her subjects are victims of the excesses of that lifestyle, whether it be an overabundance of booze or ego.

I would go as far as to say that the novice might well be turned off Metal by ' . . . The Metal Years'. Certainly several times during the film I felt acute embarrassment at some scenes, and about two-thirds of the way through I was questioning why I work up to 15 hours a day for this genre.

What gave me hope was one small fact: that the entire picture was based on just one scene, *viz* the LA Glam Metal circuit. Most of the fans and/or bands interviewed were from this scene, and most were total Glam dickheads, without a f**kin' brain and with ugly, pockmarked pale faces smeared with too much make-up.

After seeing some of the people who hang out on the LA scene in this film, I think they're the lowest forms of life within Heavy Metal itself. Watching no-future bands like London and Odin make complete assholes of themselves and seeing a number of no-name pretty boys desperately try to convince themselves and the interviewer (Spheeris, off-camera) that "I will make it" ("But what if you don't?" they're asked. "Oh, I *will*!"), all I'm convinced of is that the LA scene lacks sincerity, honesty and love of the music.

I've talked to numerous Metal bands, Thrash and otherwise, and they've all come across as far more intelligent than any of the losers in this picture.

Two utterly depressing moments come in the last half of the picture: watching Odin play a Gazzari's dance contest is an exercise in boredom, from the band's empty music to the singer's backless leather pants. But most depressing is the sight of W.A.S.P.'s Chris Holmes, floating in a pool, dousing himself with vodka, mumbling, "I'm a full-blown alcoholic," amidst various incoherencies, while, shockingly, his mother sits quietly poolside, the pain on her face saying more than Holmes will ever realise. It's a chilling portrait of human failure and what too much, too fast can do to you.

But there is hope. With the exception of Megadeth, all the bands that do come across well are from outside LA. Joe Perry and Steven Tyler discuss their near-destruction by drugs; Seduce are seen as honest, humble, down-to-earth musicians who love their music; Alice, Ozzy and Lemmy put things into perspective with the wisdom of their years; and Dave Mustaine's crew (despite their own troubles) are seen as trying to remove the stigma that Metal's got attached to it.

I think the proper way to do this film would have been to shoot three different locales: keep the LA material but not as much, then move on to the Bay Area Thrash scene, then maybe hit New York, where there's a bit of both. One has to remember while watching the flick that the kids interviewed are from just one locale where almost all the people on the scene have the same mindset.

Having ranted on a bit though, I will say that some of the dumber participants make for some hilariously funny segments, and the whole film moves along at a fast clip, powered by some excellent performance footage of Megadeth, Seduce and even Faster Pussycat (although they too are quite loathsome in their interview, as are the completely brainless Poison).

In the end, I think a larger budget and wider scope would have made ' . . . The Metal Years' a more well-rounded film, although Penelope Spheeris does her best to balance things out.

Still, despite the promise of Seduce and Megadeth, the images that remain are those of Chris Holmes and the one young man who says, "If I don't make it in rock, I'll just be a bum." Wonder where he is now . . . ?

DON KAYE

W.A.S.P.'s CHRIS HOLMES: a chilling portrait of human failure

VIDZ!

DEF LEPPARD 'Historia' (PolyGram Music Video)

STRANGE ONE, this. Here is a band that have made their name by making absolutely first class albums, and who have evolved into a top-notch live act to boot . . . so a 90-minute video of (mostly live) promos lip-synched to all your favourite tracks ought to be absolutely wonderful. Actually though, it's mostly rather boring, sterile and far too long.

There are exceptions, however. Like the first cut; a never broadcast dry run for 'Top Of The Pops' of 'Hello America' made back in 1980. This is great fun. The band – then including Pete Willis on guitar – look nervous, youthful and less than streetwise in some dodgy gear that has dated far more than the song and Steve Clark's brilliant solo.

'Let It Go' is an invaluable document too, recorded about one year later but showing just how quickly the band grew up. It shows them on stage at the Liverpool Royal Court looking sharp, fast and hungry . . . shame about Joe Elliott's girlie glitter shirt though . . . Two more tracks from the same shoot follow but the first made the point really so t'others seem fairly dispensable here.

'Photograph' from 'Pyromania' introduces cheeky Phil Collen nicely but two more from the same album is a little over the top. 'Photograph' seems really tacky now, as does Joe's Luke Skywalker impression in 'Rock Of Ages', and by the time 'Foolin" rolls around I'm starting to yawn. Get *on* with it!!

But hold on, I'm supposed to be telling you about the highlights. Next one is a curious piece of footage from Japan for 'Rock! Rock! (Till You Drop)' where the band really let loose and look all the better for some pretty amateurish camerawork and direction.

'Me And My Wine' is good for a giggle too. Probably the rib-tickling peak of the tape, in fact. It was shot as a home movie in what appears to be a council house where the boys are all falling over each other during a madcap morning after. It's silly and ridiculous and works brilliantly, more than covering up for what is probably one of Leppard's worst ever songs. Touch of sadness too, in that it represents the last footage of Rick before his accident.

Getting onto more familiar territory, 'Animal' with its circus theme and 'Pour Some Sugar On Me' wherein the band play while the house is demolished around them are both superb. 'Armageddon It' filmed live 'in the round' in the States is great too, but why follow it with virtually identical footage from the same show of ' . . . Sugar'.

I can see exactly where the band are coming from and respect them for it. After nine years they are attempting to give the fans a complete archive collection . . . but do you really want it? I'll pass and wait for the live in the round tape out later this year. NEIL JEFFRIES

Footnote: This tape also includes the promo for the new single 'Love Bites', although there's no mention of this on the sleeve.

BOOKS!

'PINK FLOYD: A VISUAL DOCUMENTARY' by Miles with update by Andy Mabbett (Omnibus)

IT'S 21 YEARS since the Floyd released their single 'Arnold Lane'. To commemorate the occasion the original 1980 biography has been updated to include everything up to Floyd's 'A Momentary Lapse Of Reason' and Waters' 'Radio KAOS', plus the ensuing rift between the two camps.

It calls itself 'A Visual Documentary', and owing to the extravagant nature of the band's live performances and publicity stunts it couldn't be anything but good. From the 160 feet wall of 'The Wall' stage show to the 40 feet inflatable pig drifting sedately above the chimneys of Battersea, they never did anything by halves, and this biography succeeds in catching some of the group's sense of the spectacular. There are also rare early pictures of Syd Barrett, as well as previously unseen new photos of the band.

The text is set out in diary form, charting almost daily their progress from college band to divine status. It is well detailed, but the concentration on facts makes the text somewhat tedious.

There's also biographies on each member of the band plus some of their own memorabilia, a complete gig guide and a pretty comprehensive discography. All contents considered, this book is a must for those of the flares and slippers persuasion, and a decent bit of mellow bedtime browsing for anyone else.

PK MORRIS

■ STRANGE, WEIRD and downright bloody queer, boozers, was the moment when a brick came hurtling through 'Bar HQ's only window last week.

Strange, because the window itself is only the size of a brick. Weird, because there was a piece of paper wrapped around the brick. And downright bloody queer because it turned out to be an invitation to **Mick 'Hard Body, Soft Knob' Wall**'s birthday party.

A great wailing and moaning and tearing of hair occurred, the likes of which hadn't been seen since **Marlin The Heavy Metal Horse** unloaded his bowels into **Biteyerass The Heavy Metal Hound**'s stagnant water bowl, and Biteyerass drank it down with gleeful slurps.

So we went to the damn party, and what did we find amongst the beer barrels, sawdust, monkey nuts and naked strumpets? Yeeeeeah, you guessed it: the usual bunch of has-beens, tramps and looooooozers . . .

Leading the procession of famous and not-so famous faces all lined up to give our man a big, ugly birthday kiss were **Fish, Mark Kelly** and **Pete Trewavas** from **Marillion, Pepsi Tate** from **Tigertailz** and **Rod 'Adidas and Liberty Bodice' Smallwood** . . .

And it goes without saying that *we* all went, natch. After all, if Wall wants to throw his money around then we are definitely up for it . . . Oh yes, **Steve 'Trousers' Joule, Phil 'It Was Always Worth A Slap' Wilding, Marc 'My Motto: Pay Now, Pay Later, You Bastard' Gregory, Neil 'Hornblower' Jeffries** and moll, **Geoff 'Stop Calling Me F**king Beefy Or You're Fired' Barton, Ali Bonk, Knees Up Nisbet, Dave 'Wig Wig Wig' Reynolds, Ray 'Touch Your Toes' Palmer** and moll, **Ross 'Back Passage' Halfin** and his two gentlemen friends, **Paul 'Sorry I'm Late Chaps, Why Won't Anyone Talk To Me?' Henderson** and, of course, no party would be complete with our resident office strumpet, **Skarlet 'Give Us A Twirl' Smiffy Smiff** (plus skateboard) . . .

Along the way of course, a few lesser beings you might have heard of did manage to put in an appearance: spoiling the party for everybody were **Robert Plant, Jimmy Page, Mick Jagger, Jerry Hall, Keef Richards, Elton John, Rod Stewart, Bret Michaels** (who unfortunately got locked in the Ladies toilet for over five hours – poor girlie), the **Prince Of Wales** (no, not Phil Wilding) and moll, **John McEnroe, Henry VIII, Adolf Hitler, Ivan The Terrible** (an old relation of Krusher's), **Mao Tse Tung** and . . . and . . . well, you know boozers, loadsa liggers!

The champagne flowed like **Joe Elliott**'s abundant tousled locks (© Alison Joy), men were men, strumpets were strumpets, and a bloody great time was 'ad by (W)all . . .

So what else can we tell you? (The answer is 30, but Wall says he doesn't care. His motto: Hope I Grow Old Before I Die) . . .

■ AND SPEAKING of birthdays, 'Bar HQ's other big girl, **Sarah 'Skarlet' Smiff**, also celebrated her birthday this week . . .

Having not yet attained the great age of our-man-with-the-glass-in-his-hand **Wall**, our resident office moll chose less desultory surroundings with which to see in her 19th year on this planet.

"I went down the Astoria in London to see the flippin' **Quireboys**, didn't I?" Well *of course* you did, Skarlet! So did *we* . . . Well, **Steve 'Likes A Lig' Joule, Ray 'Likes A Lig Too' Zell** and **Neil 'Likes A Deputy Lig' Jeffries** did. But then those guys would go to the opening of a laundrette as long as there was 'a bit of a LIG' involved . . . Ah yes, so what happened?

Well . . . On the plus side, all Skarlet's birthday wishes came true when Ray Zell and **Mick 'Likes A Tattooed Lig' Ransom** of the **Tattooed Love Boys** stood shoulder-to-shoulder and sang verse after verse of 'Happy Birthday' to her.

On the down side, however, it seems the rest of the *Kerrang!* krew got their noses put out of joint when the burlies on the door at London's Limelight club refused them all entry later that night because of a strict dress-code the club was employing that evening.

"Can you imagine how we felt?" moaned Moaning Krusher Joule. "There we were, tongues hanging out for more drink after the Quireboys' gig, and they won't let us in because none of us had remembered to wear a bloody ballroom gown! It makes me MAD!"

Steady, Krusher boy, steady . . .

■ ACCUSED AS *Kerrang!* sometimes is of not reporting enough on new British bands, we here at 'Bar HQ have decided this week to bring to your attention – wait for it! – *a new British band!*

Yush boozers, a new British band – or ANBB, as we refer to this phenomenon here at 'Bar HQ. Not just *any* new British band, though! Oh no . . . this is the most unfamous, totally unknown, and most completely ignored British band to come along in years!

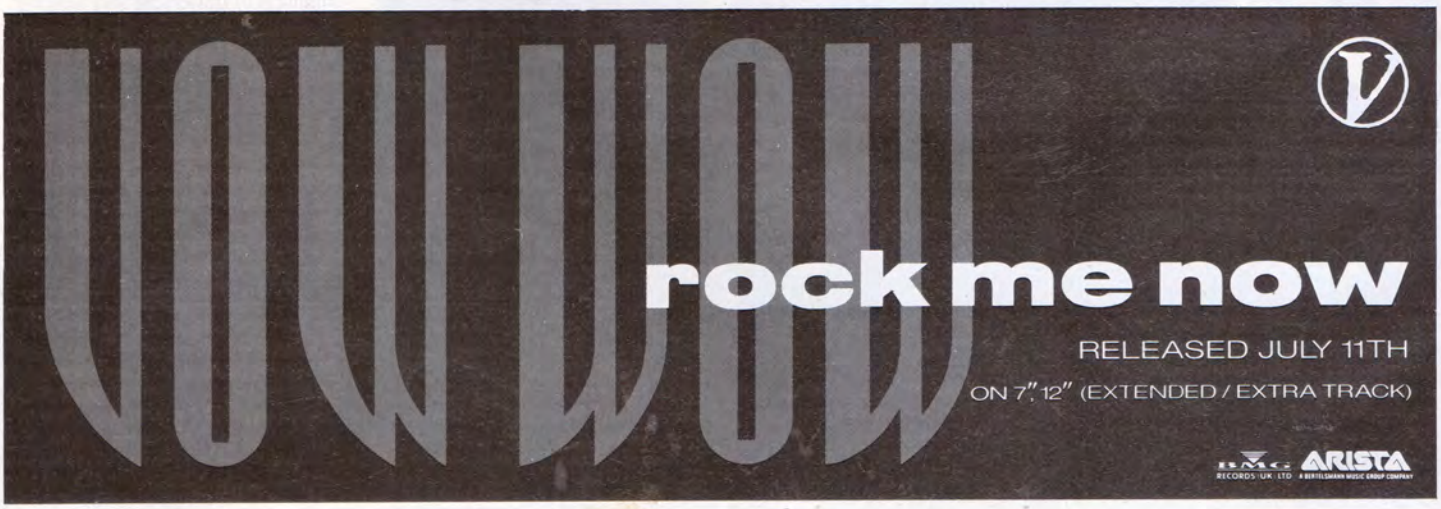
OK everybody, making their debut in VFTB, please give a warm 'Bar HQ welcome to – **Ya Ya**!

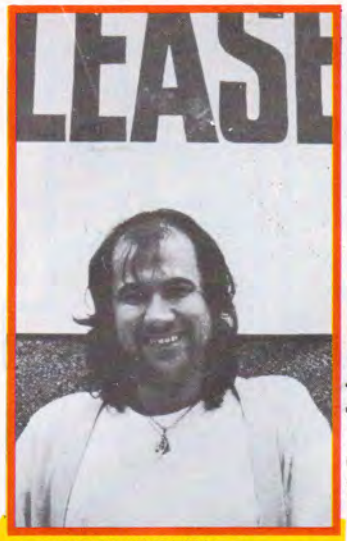
Who they?

You see! You've never even heard of 'em, right? And yet record label WEA think enough of this obscure London-based outfit to have them hooked to a multi-album worldwide deal: their first album – which is so obscure not even **Derek 'Likes To Dangle' Oliver** can remember what it's called, and he gave it a great review! – featured no less than three top-draw producers (**Mike Shipley**, famous for his past work with people like **Def Leppard** and the **Cars**; **Tony Tavenor**, **ELP**'s last producer; and **Mike Chapman**, who's produced every hit for every mini-skirt and pair of tits from **Suzi Quatro**, through **Debbie Harry, Pat Benatar** and, latterly, **Lita Ford**) and yet still no-one in Britain has ever heard of them – that is, except for WEA and Big Del, of course . . .

■ *BIRFDAY BOOZIN': **Mick Wall** (pictured right) wiv strumpet. Just as well this column ain't called View From The* Bra, *otherwise the above photo could've been a lot more, well, restrained, not so say mild-mannered and, y'know, just, uh,* mild . . .

Pic Ray Palmer





Pic Peter Anderson

■ *NUMBER EIGHT in our increasingly monumental VFTB series* ***Syrup Of The Week*** *– this week,* ***Fish****!*

It's not yet known in official circles, of course, but the man-mountain of ***Marillion*** *has finally done the decent thing and, after some deep drinking, gone out and got himself one of the finest Syrups we here at 'Bar HQ have ever been privileged to see!*

And as you can see from our exclusive Before and After Syrup shots sensitively displayed here, Fish's brave decision came not a moment too soon . . .

The Before shot was ackshully taken during the band's ***'Misplaced Hairpiece'*** *tour; the After shot was taken at a private session here at 'Bar HQ late one night recently at the conclusion of the band's last* ***'Clutching At Syrups'*** *tour.*

All we can add is – right move, right man, right time (and right funny too, hargh! hargh! hargh!).

But you know what's the weirdest thing of all about Ya Ya's complete lack of fame at home in Britain? Last month they played in Russia to a crowd of over 40,000 people! They've been touring Russia and several other Eastern Bloc countries and pulling them in their tens of bleedin' thousands!

And then they came home to London and boldly took a shot at headlining the Marquee and only *one* paying customer turned up!

And guess who that was? Del Boy Dangler!

Bog almighty, but it's sad, isn't it?

■ THEY DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY OVER THERE, DON'T THEY DEPT: indeed they do, as **Kim 'Likes A Mid-Song Snack' Hooker**, vocalist with **Tigertailz** recently found out the hard way.

It happened onstage at an unnamed venue in Germany on the band's recent tour there. Halfway through the set a strapping example of young and dangerous German womanhood climbed onstage, knocked Kim to the ground and proceeded to sit on his face for the remainder of one song!

When the unrepentant young strumpet was finally dragged kicking from Kim's astonished face, it is said two roadies had to administer a full tank of oxygen to the hapless singer before the smile actually left his lips . . .

Whaddayasay girls? Could this be the start of a trend, d'ya think? No? Oh well, it's always worth a try . . .

■ SO ANYWAY boozers, there we all were the other pm, working late at the 'Bar as usual and pondering the Meaning Of Metal, as one often does on these late sessions, when **Neil 'Likes Working Late' Jeffries** looked up from his glass and said: "How do you spell **Chris Farlowe**, then? With or without an 'e' on the end?"

With the 'e' obviously, we told him, any damn fool knows that . . .

"Well the damn fools at Geffen don't know that," he replied. "Look at the sleeve credits on the **Jimmy Page** album. They spelt Chris Farlowe's name without the 'e'!"

And lo – we looked at the Jimmy Page sleeve – and el gaspo! – the old Dep 'Ead was right!

"Not only that," continued our man, warming to his theme now, "but in the ads for the album they've spelt one of the drummers on the album – the **Jethro Tull** drummer, **Barrymore Barlow** – *with* an 'e' on the end of his surname where there shouldn't be one . . . What do you think it all means, **Jon**?" said Neil, eyeing **Young And Disturbingly Cheeky Hottonthenews**.

"Who are Chris Farlow(e) and Barrymore Barlow(e), anyway? And Jimmy *who*? Never 'eard of 'em! And can I have my **Kingdom Come** album back? And . . . "

It looked like it was going to be another one of those nights.

■ WE LEAVE you this week with a heart-warming tale of True Generosity in these Meanest of Times . . .

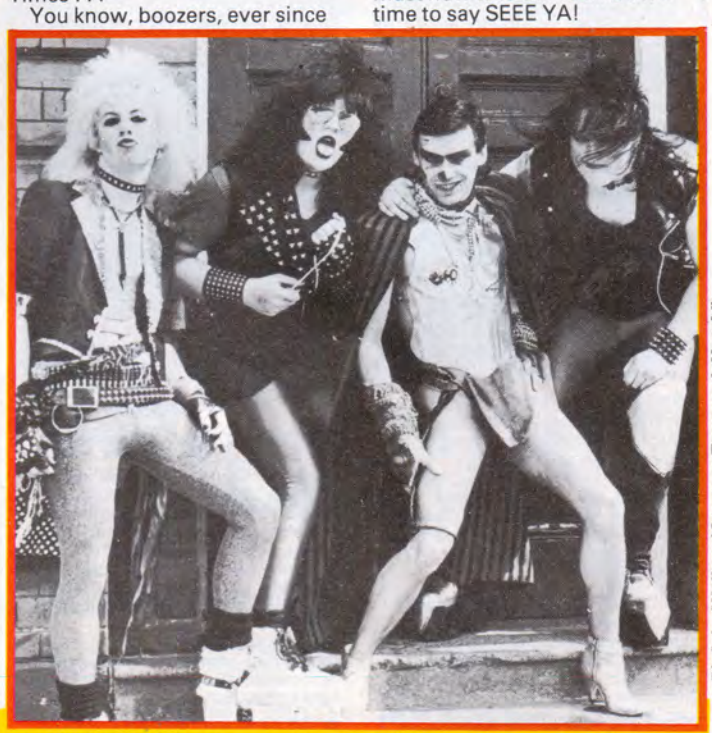
You know, boozers, ever since **Maggie** and **Ronnie** ruled the world it seems hardly anyone gets a kick out of throwing their money around anymore.

Therefore, it was cheering to discover that **Testament** at least have got their priorities right when it comes down to this wild and rangey thang we call wock 'n' woll . . .

Did you know that the drinks bill alone for the little soirée they hosted after their recent gig at the Astoria in London came to a koool 1,300 big ones!? Awwwwwright!

Placed next to the food bill of £140, you can see for yourselves that here is a band that take their work seriously and will undoubtedly go far . . .

And with that, boozers, we must now take our leak. So it's time to say SEEE YA!



Pic John Walker (Courtesy Tamworth Herald)

■ *SAY HELLO nicely everybloody to this week's sensational* ***Blackmail Korner*** *– this ish,* ***Wolfsbane****!*

Well, we did *threaten to print more of these scurrilous shots of the boys from their, er, earlier and more, uh, innovative days as a struggling rock band if they didn't turn up pronto at 'Bar HQ with a case of beer and a couple of bottles of Jack . . .*

And did those foolish boys do as we instructed and ackshully pitch up with the goodies? Did they shit! *They didn't even ring us, the dirtwads!*

So . . . as threatened, here it is: an even more embarrassing picture of the 'Banes. Hard to stomach, we agree, but look hard and you'll see, from the left: bassist ***Jeff D'Brini****; guitarist* ***Jase The Ace****; singer* ***Blaze Bayley****; and original drummer* ***Stakk Smasher****.*

And of course it goes without saying that we will *be printing an even* more *'orrible pic from the band's putrid past if the boys aren't in here at the 'Bar with those cases of beer and bottles of Jack sometime within the next seven days!*

We're keeping the stools warm for you, boys . . .

BRICK OUTHOUSE — by Kevin B Flannery

I'M NOT VERY HAPPY ABOUT YOUR NEW STAGE ACT
LAST NIGHT EVERY BIT OF EQUIPMENT WAS WRECKED
FLAN
USING CHAINSAWS, FLAMETHROWERS & PICK AXES TO WRECK THE GEAR WAS REALLY GOING OVER THE TOP
....& THE FACT THAT THE AUDIENCE TOOK THE TROUBLE TO SMUGGLE THEM INTO THE CONCERT PROVES THAT THEY DON'T LIKE YOUR ACT EITHER

SHRAPNEL

For FREE inclusion write to: Jon Hotten, Kerrang!, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ. Deadline for publication is at least two weeks prior to cover date. Whenever possible, include a black and white photo with your record release/tour date info.

■ ***PREYER**, CARDIFF-based power Metal band have recruited ex-**Kruzer** bassist **Ian (Bod) Bodenham**, who joins them for their forthcoming album.*

■ BIRMINGHAM-BASED band **Brooklyn Dogs** have a demo available featuring new tracks and some live ones recorded at the London Marquee. It's priced £2.50 inc. P&P from **John, 137 Lichfield Road, Brownhills, West Midlands, WS8 6JA**. The band wish to hear from people who can offer gigs/support slots. Call **Paul** on **(05436) 3437**.

■ MIDLANDS-BASED progressive rockers **Final Countdown** have released a cassette album entitled **'The Time Has Arrived'** which comes with a free booklet, history and group photo. The price is £5.35 plus 50p P&P from **36 Wolseley Road, Oakhill, Stoke On Trent, Staffs**. Cheques should be made payable to **Final Conflict**.

■ **EXCALIBUR** PLAY Woughton Centre in Milton Keynes supporting **Chrome Molly** July 13.

■ EX-**SILK 'N' SIN** drummer **Jackie Trash** is currently looking for a new Glam band to join. If you think he's the man for you, call him on **(0222) 597938**.

■ THRASH BAND **Fatal Impact** have a four-track demo entitled **'The Enemy Within'** available priced £2 plus an SAE. Contact **Dave, 19 Holyrood Close, Caversham Park, Reading, Berkshire RG4 OPZ**.

■ CHECK THIS one out! **Acid Reign, Abnormal** and **Terrorist** will play the Welsh Club, Cardiff on 9 July. Entrance fee is just £2.50 and you'll also get a chance to compete in a stage-diving contest with suitable prizes given to the winners. If you're not sure about the location of the club there's no need to fret because you can call one of the organisers, **Paul**, on **0222 706211** who'll be more than welcome to give you the full lowdown. One thing is certain, **Derek Oliver** will *not* be attending!

■ *BOLTON-BASED Thrashers **Cemetery** have completed their line-up, which is **Eddy** (bass), **Dan** and **Colin** (guitars), **Dogger** (drums) and **Chris** (vocals). They hope to gig and record a demo soon. For more info, contact Dan, **Avondale, Blackburn Road, Edgeworth, Bolton, Lancs, BC2 0DQ**.*

■ A NEW band formed in Manchester are seeking two lead guitarists and a vocalist to complete their line-up. Influences include **Metallica** and **Iron Maiden**. If you're interested ring **061 723 4613** between 5.30 and 7.00 pm.

■ A THRASH compilation tape has just been released on CMFT Productions and features 60 minutes of prime Speed Metal including **Snyper, Metal Messiah, Epidemic, Resentment**, Obliteration and **Cruz Ducks**. The tape costs £3.40 (£3.50 Europe, £4.00 elsewhere) and is available from **12 Church Close, Risby, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, England IP28 6RH**.

CMFT are also operating a distribution service for fanzines and demos. Call **Daryl** on **0284 810316** for further details.

■ WIRRAL-BASED rock band **Engine** have a new information service. Send an SAE to **Alison** and **Tony, 2 Norbett Road, Arnold, Notts, NG5 8EB**.

■ WALSALL BAND **Shame** have completed work on a demo and have settled their line-up at **Paul Dodd** (vocals), **Steve** (guitar), **Rich** (bass) and **Mart** (drums). The band seek West Midlands gigs. Contact Mart on **Willenhall 607526** or Steve on **Blackheath 5598430**.

■ **BATTLECRIES** PLAY Henleaze St Peter's Church Hall July 9. Based in Bristol, the group would like to start a fanzine featuring music exclusively from the Bristol area. They ask that any bands who would like to get involved to please contact: **Michael Stephen** at **12 Berkshire Road, Bishopston, Bristol, Avon BS7 8EX**.

■ CHANNEL 4'S OPEN College is offering a course, 'Rockbizz', for those wishing to have an introduction to the industry. It covers bands getting together, finance, image, media, record deals etc. It's priced at £25 and is available from the **Open College, PO Box 35, Abingdon, OX14 3RQ**, or quote Access/Barclaycard number on **(0235) 555444**.

■ **LUCKY MISS H** are seeking an 'original' guitarist and a vocalist. Interested parties should send photo/demo to **36 Rupert Crescent, The Coppice, Quiniboro, Leicester**, or call **Scott** on **(0533) 606542**.

■ NEW LIVERPOOL band **Stadium** seek a **Malmsteen/Bon Jovi/Roth** influenced keyboard player. Interested parties should contact **Colin** on **(051) 420 1509** or **Jon** on **(061) 225 0115**.

■ **SARATOGA** IS the monicker of a newly-formed Metal band in the London area. Featuring guitarists **Brad Williams** and **Pete Lynskey**, along with bassist **Kevin Dobbs** and drummer **Nigel Dobbs**, they are on the lookout for a powerful vocalist with a good range and suitable image. Call **Kevin** on **0279 414678** if you fancy an audition.

■ **HIDDEN**, A Glasgow-based Metal band in the **Kiss/Van Halen/Starz** style, have a three-track demo available priced £1.75 (£2.00 overseas) from **Greig Chisolm, 157A Budhill Ave, Shettleston, Glasgow, Scotland G32 0PA**.

■ DRUMMER WANTED for heavy rock band in Kidderminster/Ludlow area, aged 17-21. Contact **Toby** on **(0299) 270931**, or write to: **4 Castle Hill, Cleobury Mortimer, Kidderminster, Worcs DY14 8DA**.

■ **MANDI**, A female vocalist, is searching for a band to join . . . preferably all girls! She doesn't mind what type of material she sings but they must have a strong visual image. Write to **80 Hazel Meadows, Park Drive, Hucknall, Notts**.

■ ***MENTAL BEAT*** issue seven, a fanzine dedicated to the late, great **Hanoi Rocks**, is available now priced 75p +A5 size SAE (£2.50 overseas including P&P) from **K Corcoran, 12 Southbrae Drive, Glasgow, Scotland G13 1PX**. Apart from the usual waffle about the Rocks you'll find interviews with the **Quireboys, Dogs D'Amour** and **Wolfsbane**. Sounds like a good read to us.

■ THE **HARLEQUIN Fan Club**, known as the fellowship of the outer circle, has changed address to **183 Round Street, Bradford, West Yorkshire**. A new 24-page magazine is now available.

■ HAMPSHIRE BAND **Mega Thunder** have a five-track demo now available priced £1.75 (inc P&P) from **17 Beach Road, Hayling Island, Hants**.

■ **PLATNUM HI** have been forced to cancel a show at the Royal Standard on July 5 and apologise for any inconvenience caused. The band are currently auditioning for a new drummer and any interested parties should ring **01 505 5677** for details.

***VENUS LOVEBOYS**, hard-edged rock 'n' rollers, get it on at Coventry Alice's Restaurant July 27, Worcester Hoppers August 2, Leamington RAOB club 12, Birmingham Edwards No 8 15. The band can be contacted at **22 Holly Walk, Statford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire CV379 9LR**.*

NOUSSOMMES, SOON to be featured in Wimpwire, head out on the highway and play Fulham Greyhound (supporting **Glory**) July 12, York Art Centre (with **Expressions**) 14, Bradford Queens Hall Cellar Bar (with **Sidewinder**) 15, Leeds Duchess of York (with Expressions) August 17, Walthamstow Royal Standard (supporting the **Grip**) 19.

GLOUCESTER-BASED band **December Rose** have shortened their name to **DC Rose** (not to be confused with American rockers **DC Star**) and play Beechgrove Cascades July 8, Cheltenham Town Hall (special guests to **Grim Reaper**) 29, Cardiff Bogey's August 6.

The band are presently putting the finishing touches to a three-track EP due for release towards the end of July.

SHOCK PROMISE, from Staffs, play Lichfield Enots Club (supporting **Sumo Giants**) July 8.

PAINT IT BLACK, from Northumberland, play Ashington The Central July 9, Consett The Works August 31. The band's line-up consists of **Ian Penrose** on vocals, **Carl Halliday** on guitars, **Anthony Hall** on guitar, bassist **Geoff Dawson** and drummer **Gregg Hopeson**. Look out for a five-track demo coming your way shortly – details to follow.

SOMERSET ROCKERS **Vaudeville** play Wellington Arts Centre July 2, Taunton Albermarle Centre 9, Wellington Youth Centre 16.

THE SQUIRREL pub in Dinnington continues its series of rock nights with the following gigs; **Bad Taste** July 14 the **Crack** 29, **Arbitrator** August 11. Admission to all gigs is just £1.00 and there's a rock disco too. The venue is currently taking bookings, so contact **0909 566440** if your band wants a gig.

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***PARIS**, A Windsor-based high energy melodic rock band, play High Wycombe Pontons Music Club July 15.*

THE POWERHOUSE Roadshow puts on an 'OTT' Rock Night at Hatfield Forum July 10. It begins at 7pm and admission is £2.

WRECKAGE HAVE parted company with bassist **Steven Byrnes** and have recruited former **Tyga Myra** man **Barry Lingus** to take his place. The band are planning to record a new three-track demo which will be available from their fan club in July. Write to **61 Cloverdale, Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove, Worcs B60 4NF.**

In the meantime, why not catch 'em on tour at the following venues; Worcester Hoppers July 19, Dudley Wheatsheaf 21, Oxford Dolly 24, Birmingham Edwards No 8 25, East Ham Ruskin Arms 28, Walthamstow Royal Standard 29, Hastings Carlisle September 1, Poole Mr C's 2, Nottingham Mardi Gras 3, Birmingham Mosely Civic Hall 10, Cardiff Bogey's 17, Retford Porterhouse 24.

HIGH WYCOMBE rockers **Chainsaw Enema** play Aylesbury Uptown Market Square July 1, High Wycombe Morning Star 12.

A COUPLE of great Thrash gigs coming up. Check this lot out; **Napalm Death, Ardtone**, and the **Beyond** at the Bradford Frog & Toad July 20. **Cerebal Fix, Lawnmower Deth** and **Ignorance** at the Birmingham Barrel Organ 25. Have mercy!

THE WAREHOUSE is a new venue in Plymouth, with a large stage and 2500 capacity. Rock nights will take place on Fridays and began June 25. Young bands who would like to play should contact **Andy Howard, The Warehouse, Union Street, Plymouth.**

BELFAST FOUR-piece band **Ghost Of An American Airman** play Dublin Baggot Inn July 7, Belfast Errigle Inn 8, 15, 22 and 29, Monaghan Rugby Club July 9, Dublin Baggot Inn 14 and August 4.

PROWLER PLAY Rotherham Arts Centre July 15, Worksop Old Ship August 24, Barnsley Toby Jug 29.

KRAZE ARE TO team up with **Dirty Trixx** for a 'mammoth' UK tour. Dates will be announced shortly.

EXPRESS, RECENTLY featured in Wimpwire, play Birmingham Edwards No 8 July 17, Dudley JB's 18, Wednesbury Cross 19, Dudley JB's 25 and August 11, Warrington Red Lion September 17. A single will emerge next month on the Status label.

RE-ANIMATOR play Doncaster Saracens Head July 14, Scarborough Salisbury Hotel 27, Barnsley Toby Jug August 17, Goole Steampacket 27. For more info/demo/merchandise news, contact **Bangers n' Mosh, 7 Lynwood Ave, Alaby, Hull, HU10 7DP**, or call **John** on **(0482) 656075.**

NECROMANCER, A five-piece Stockport-based Metal group, play Manchester Swinging Sporran July 9. For bookings, the band may be contacted on **061 432 9225.**

THE DISEASED**, a South Humberside-based punk Metal band, play Scunthorpe Bentley's July 16. Anyone interested in booking the band can contact them at **50A Wrawby St, Brigg, South Humberside DN20 8BS** or ring **0652 55677.

ELEVENTH HOUR play Maldon White House July 16, Heybridge Welcome Sailor 17.

GOATS DON'T Shave play Birmingham Sinatras July 6, Wednesbury Golden Cross 10.

WHITE LIE and guests play Tolworth Recreation Centre Croft Theatre July 16, tickets are £2.50.

LEEDS-BASED **Rough Justice** play Leeds Haddon Hall July 2, Barnsley Toby Jug 8, Bradford Queens Hall 9.

THE **BEYOND, Lord Crucifier, Xyster** and **Futile** play Derby The Havana July 5.

POWER POINT, who appear to hail from Wrexham, North Wales, play Llangollen Prince Of Wales July 13, Wrexham Kings Arms August 4.

BATTLECRIES PLAY Bristol St Peters Church Hall July 9.

MADERIA PLAY Steyning Grammar School July 16.

LAWNMOWER DETH and the **Beyond** play Sheffield Take 2 July 7.

A COACH for transport to Donington has been organised to run from Greenock, also picking up in Glasgow. Anyone wishing to travel should send £16.50 to **Gordon Wokes, Glenbuie, Glebelands, Rothesay, Isle Of Bute, Scotland, PA20.**

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Artists and Management please contact Grant Samuels, Jailbreak Productions, 01-446 3419, for details and bookings.

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"	15	THE BOAT HOUSE	HAMPTON COURT
"	16	POLY(Members Notice)	MANCHESTER
"	17	TAKE TWO	SHEFFIELD
"	19	CARNEGIE HALL	WORKINGTON
"	20	BRUCE HOTEL	EAST KILBRIDE
"	21	H.M.S. NEPTUNE	HELENSBURGH
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BORED HAIRY MALE (22) wants to meet girl any age, into most HM/HR, for pubs, discos, gigs, etc. Must have sense of humour. Edinburgh area. Box No K1258
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MAYHEM EXTRA

FROM PAGE 4

■ *KERRANG!* HAS been informed that plans are afoot for late Summer/early Autumn concert appearances by a selection of hot American rockers including **Black 'N Blue** and a possible triple bill featuring **Michael Katon**, **Blackfoot** (recently reformed) and **Doc Holliday**. Nothing has been confirmed yet and no venues have been mentioned but you can be sure that just as soon as we get any more news you'll be the first we tell.

■ **FASTWAY** HAVE now finalised their line-up. Joining vocalist **Lea Hart** and guitarist **Eddie Clarke** are bassist **Paul Gray** (ex-**UFO**) and drummer **Steve Clarke** (ex-**Tank**, and once a member of **Barton** ravers **Mr Big**!). A keyboard player has still to be confirmed, but in the meantime the band will use a session player. British dates are currently being lined up for September/October, whilst a tour of the Far East is planned for August.

■ REPORTS FROM Los Angeles indicate that **Autograph** have slimmed their ranks to a three-piece with the recent departure of keyboard player **Steven Isham** and drummer **Keni Richards**. Having parted company with RCA Records earlier this year following the release of their critically acclaimed '**Loud And Clear**' LP, the group's future looks increasingly uncertain.

■ SAN FRANCISCO-based melodic Metal outfit the **Persuaders** have signed a recording deal with Arista Records. Currently writing new material with **Jack Ponti** (who's written for **Keel** and **Bonfire** amongst others), the band hope to enter the studio at the beginning of 1989 to commence work on their debut album.

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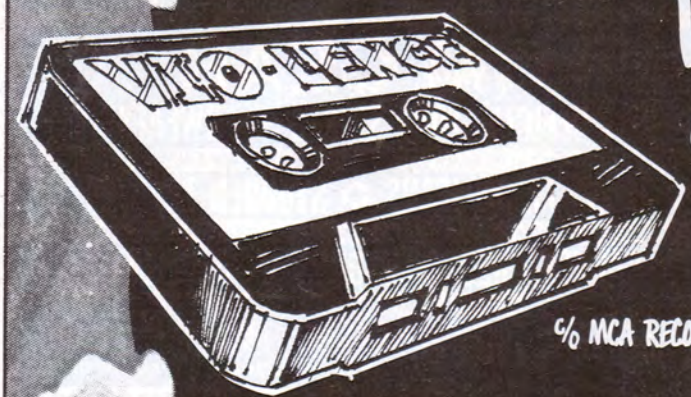

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SINGLEZ

Reviewed by PHIL WILDING

ROBBIE ROBERTSON: 'Somewhere Down The Crazy River' (Geffen)
A haunting monologue spoken from the shadows by the man from the Band. He walks paces ahead of the pack, strums his guitar and tells us all about chance meetings, smoky bars and lonely nights spent on the telephone (I could write lyrics for a dozen AOR albums, no problem).

THE RAINMAKERS: 'Snakedance' (Phonogram)
Not the strongest of contenders from the excellent 'Tornado' album, but the hook is nothing if not captivating with its oft repeated 'Snakedance' chant. Combine this with an embracing guitar solo that manages to perform a clingfilm effect all around the song and a stomping sort of sound in cowboy boots and you've got charisma with a dutiful sense of intelligence. I lurv this stuff.

TOKYO: 'Listen To Your Heartbeat' (GWR)
Gruff vocals from a band who from the off sound as if they were made by Clubdom Incorporated. This is so average that it's unbelievable. If there was a competition to find a band who sound just like everyone else then Tokyo would win it. Unless of course someone else who sounded just like them did instead.

RICHARD MARX: 'Don't Mean Nothing' (EMI)
He doesn't put a foot wrong; great songs, good looks and an album doing more business than Harrods in January. He's 23, a bastard and his persistent melody even had Neil 'Superbean' Jeffries gurgling gently to himself. The guitar comes on like an old Eagles number, not surprising when Joe 'I never did drugs' Walsh appears on the album. This is the type of thing where Derek and I build bridges and agree on something. This is exceptionally good and if you buy the maxi CD single you'll get half the album.

RICHARD MARX: doing more business than Harrods in January

LIGHTNING STRIKE: 'Beat Street' (RCA)
Marie McKee sings backing vocals on this rather painful blow-out from the band who once portrayed Bros as Dross being hung. The chorus is discernible because they all take turns to say it about 15 times. Apparently, they don't play encores because they only know 12 songs and I am glad. I could not face eleven more like this. Actually, I can't even face this one.

WILD FORCE: 'S.O.P.H.I.A.' (Lace Factory)
Opening with a voice box *à la* Bon Jovi, this soon dives headlong into its own death-knell of riffdom and a ridiculous chorus much in the vein of Dolly Parton's mini-saga, 'D.I.V.O.R.C.E'. They sound so European – the country as opposed to the meccano-kit band – and then they sound a bit like Saxon and then they sound like nothing at all. They seem to have no options, nothing to offer and they go on far longer than I'd like them too. I mean on and on and on and on and ooooooooonnnnn.

SOUL ASYLUM: 'Sometime To Return' (A&M)
It rushes in through the door like REM on a good bag of speed while inviting all guitar lovers everywhere to stand up, strap on their instruments (smurph, smurph) and step out into the yard to play a little. I bet this band would kick some botty on the stage of, say, the Electric Ballroom in front of a fine percentage of loonies who just want to sweat a little blood. They must be a fine gig of a band because they make fine singles. Obvious really. One big noise from the lunatics who look set to take over their asylum. I hope so.

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BLUES 'N' TROUBLE

Pic George Bodnar

STEVIE RAY Vaughan: just slump back and waggle those toes

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN AND DOUBLE TROUBLE
Hammersmith Odeon

IT WAS the night after the night of my birthday party and – unlike Stevie Ray Vaughan who doesn't drink or do shit anymore – I was still drunk.

Me and the bunny smuggled a half-pint of vodka into the Hammy O just in time to catch Stevie Ray and the boys bringing down the hammer on 'Soul To Soul'. We were late but we'd been dancing for 36 hours straight by then and figured what the hell, let's dance some more.

Up on the stage, the man himself was hogging the only spotlight; dressed in pale desert casuals and blood-red cowboy boots, topped off by the familiar black outlaw hat, a long white racoon tail pluming from the headband, eyes closed, face concentrated, the guitar hanging in his hands, pumping it with his knee.

The rest of his band – Tommy Shannon (bass), Reese Wynans (keyboards) and Chris 'Whipper' Layton (drums) – are kept in the background, huddled under dim reds and vague greens, moving little as their boss swaggers gently amongst them before straying almost absent-mindedly back towards the footlights. This ain't rock and roll, kidderz . . . oh no, this is da BLOOOOZE!

For the first time I can remember in years most of the downstairs Hammy O crowd remained seated throughout the entire set, just about managing to scrabble to their feet in time for the encores. Not that they didn't like the music: most people just didn't feel compelled to get up and *dance* to it . . .

But then, unless you're in a sweaty club jostling with a solid stand-up crowd for the best place in the house to see the band from *and* to be within easy reach of the bar, the live Stevie Ray Vaughan set does tend to lapse into a supper-club ambience that can certainly warm the bones, but leaves you just as happy slumped back in a chair, boots off and toes waggling.

What we got tonight was the standard Stevie Ray Vaughan set we have come to expect over the last two years, though slicker in places for sure: 'Texas Flood', 'Mary Had A Little Lamb', 'Cold Shot' (one of my personal all-time faves, next to 'Tin Pan Alley'), 'Look At Little Sister', 'Looking Out The Window', 'Ain't Gonna Give Up On Love', 'Come On (Part Three)', 'Superstition', 'Life Without You' (which closed the show) and 'Voodoo Chile' (the last of two encores) – he threw them all at us and more, and whether we were sitting on our asses or rocking back and forth on our heels we ate it up like hogs, wallowing in it, losers to that righteous rhythm 'n' blues thaang o' his . . .

Me and the bunny passed the half-pint back and forth and got down. From green to blue to black . . . and back to blue. The night was full of good tricks.

MICK WALL

PROPHET, PUSH
L'Amour, Brooklyn, NY

DESPITE A legion of local detractors and doubters Prophet, a typical New York City/New Jersey club band, have survived and triumphed.

Road weary from performing 32 concerts in the previous 36 days, Prophet's Mike Sterlacci, Ken Dubman, Joe Zujkowski, Scott Metaxas and Russell Arcara entered L'Amour, 'The Rock Capital of Brooklyn'. Frontman Arcara's voice was suffering so much from the effects of their heavy touring schedule that he was unable to sing until the afternoon of the show. Because of this, the band had seriously considered cancelling this important 'homecoming' show on their 'Cycle Of The Moon' tour.

If Arcara's vocals were suffering from the effects of a heavy workload, he successfully concealed it at this superb gig. Arcara delivered 'Cycle . . . ' material like 'Asylum', 'Can't Hide Love' and the recent single and video 'Sound Of A Breaking Heart' with little flaw.

Even though fatigued, these consummate professionals put on a well-received and polished set. Throughout their years of labouring in the local club scene, Prophet obviously learned to use their musical resources to the fullest. The amount of energy they displayed was more reminiscent of a band just kicking off a tour, not one that had been touring the country in a Winnebago for a month.

Playing a unique brand of jazzed-up rock, Prophet commanded the world-famous stage.

"I was just thinking the other night . . . I was looking on stage and realised I couldn't think of any musicians I would rather play with. It just feels great. We've got the built-in crowd wherever we go. I love the songs we are playing now. I'm just real happy with the band," states bassist Metaxas.

Witnessing Prophet's live set, one easily notices the impact of early influences such as ELP, Kansas, the Beatles, Humble Pie and Grand Funk, to name a few.

The New York club scene has been brutal to many a new band, with only the strong and determined surviving. Prophet have joined the ranks of Twisted Sister, Overkill and Anthrax, as the major live acts to graduate from the Big Apple rock scene.

Supporting Prophet was the young, exciting New Jersey-based PUSH who played an array of up-tempo originals in the Journey mould. Band members Rikki Jordan (lead vocals), Joe Taylor and Freddy Paris (guitars), Jimmy Forest (drums) and Billy Reins (bass) are destined to break from the club scene. With powerful tunes like 'Language Of Love', 'Keep You In My Heart' and 'Morning Light', the band gave the headliners a run for their money.

ED ESPOSITO

RAMONES
Brixton Academy

1-2-3-4. HOW ELSE would it start? Who else could throw it all away to numbers? Who else has the conviction? Who else knows that the audience would scoop it up and throw it right back? Who else but the Ramones?

And who could pull a capacity audience containing some of the most exquisite women I have ever seen, and legions in black drenched in sweat reaching for a plethora of three-minute anthems? Damned if I know, damned if they do.

It must be something to do with that delivery service of theirs; their intensity that had the back bar looking pretty much as if the bomb had dropped or, at least, a pink cadillac had missed a red light outside and managed to make it past the mounted police and in through the wall.

This and an over-dressed roadie, a banner that proclaimed Gabba-Gabba-Hey! (surprise, surprise) and a lighting rig that hung down red, white and blue shafts like some giant stars and stripes ready to fall and ungulf Joey and his boys.

'Sheena Is A Punk Rocker', 'Do You Wanna Dance?' (love to), 'Rock N' Roll High School', 'Rockaway Beach', they'd come to promote a greatest hits album for Chrissake. Near riots back to front, and a hapless longhair vainly attempting to maintain a full pint in the middle of it all. I thought it was funny . . .

I had great expectations for this, and you know, they lived up to almost all of them. They let it drop in all the right places without even thinking twice about picking it up, but then that's what the audience were doing. Hey Ho . . . you really missed a party.

PHIL WILDING

COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN

Pic David Willis

DEATH ANGEL: putting up a curtain of hair between them and the audience

DEATH ANGEL
Hammersmith Clarendon

WHEN DEATH Angel made their not so auspicious entrance onto a UK stage last year, reviewer Steffan Chirazi claimed that the band overcame all their considerable back-line hiccups on the night to deliver a "whiplash session of glorious fury". Firmly in the minority, I felt, however, that Death Angel were beaten fairly and squarely by a piss-poor mix but awarded generous bonus points for persevering against such towering odds.

I didn't really get into their 'The Ultra-Violence' debut album either. I admired it from a purely technical viewpoint but for some reason it saw about as much action on the Miller Death Deck as yer average Bonnie Tyler release.

This time though, armed with the mammoth 'Frolic Through The Park' album threatening to burst its banks at any moment (*believe* what Don Kaye and Mr Cheeseburger are saying about this sucker) and bestowed with the honour of playing the penultimate Thrash gig at the Clarendon before calculating Big Business swallows it whole and spits a shiny new office development in its place (the Stupids, fittingly, got the final gasp), Death Angel were never going to be mediocre.

And, apart from one embarrassing silence (caused, once more, by technical gremlins immediately before 'The Ultra-Violence') that sparked off impromptu drum and guitar solos and evoked forlorn memories of that previous farce, it was a gig of exacting proportions; sticky for all the right reasons but with barely a note out of place.

The atmosphere was sweaty and clammy, hot enough to cook even the most stubborn of British Rail pork pies, but the music was ice-cool, disciplined and despatched with all the precision of a well-drilled SAS squad.

Death Angel were dancing with diversity, bravely doing their own thing while all around are running with the pack. Living by a maxim of never using just one riff where ten could be crammed in, their music often resembled a whirlpool in reverse with riffs flying at you from every conceivable angle and leaving nasty stains on the wall.

Death Angel are classy musicians. In case you needed any reminding of the fact then 'Bored' or 'Voracious Souls' obligingly provided the emphatic proof. But if there's a chink in the Angel armour then it has to be in their stagecraft. Or, more precisely, the lack of it.

If the aforementioned silence before 'Ultra-Violence' wasn't enough indication then Mark Osegueda's rather lame, almost unintelligible between-song raps and the band's preference for putting a curtain of hair between them and their audience was the clincher. Death Angel have communication problems.

Death Angel have already proved they are a consummate studio act more than ready for the leap to Metallica/Anthrax/Megadeth status. They just need to learn the knack of presenting that undoubted talent more effectively in a live setting.

PAUL MILLER

'MONSTER MOSH'
Moseley Dance Centre, Birmingham

THE PROSPECT of seeing eight bands within nine hours is always a daunting one, and here it was not a poor sound but the lack of variety which was the major problem.

Still, at around 3 pm some 600 or so had gathered into the hall and **Genital Deformities** set about opening the show. It soon became obvious that their deadly grunge brand of Metal was not what people were here to see. Their mix of fast Hardcore and Death Metal was bearable but not enjoyable, maybe next time.

Slammer apparently got on the bill because they were mistaken for the Bradford band who recently recorded an excellent session for Tommy Vance's Friday Rock Show. This lot are from Manchester and it is about time they changed their name and forged their own identity because I think they have what it takes. As well as introducing the first of the day's ridiculous amount of cover versions, they got the first stagediver – always a good sign.

Flashpots and Frashin' heralded **Infernal Death**. The promise was there as the lighting rig leapt into life, but after only a couple of numbers the band started to seize up and the enthusiasm wavered.

Metal Messiah didn't look as though they would change the general mood too much but some avid Moshing and an intro as heavy as any of Anthrax's proved me wrong. If the vocals had blended in a little better, you'd be sure sure to see a lot more of this band.

And finally (for me anyway) **Wardance**, featuring none other than ex-English Dog Graham 'Gizz' Butt. Relief set in, not only because I could get some air after four hours in a sweatbox, but also because Wardance are *good*!

What they lacked in the vocal department and originality in parts, they made up for with some marvellous over-indulgent guitar w*nking. Vinyl shouldn't be far away for Wardance.

CECIL POLANSKI

IT WAS an all-day festival to promote British Thrash, but of the entire bill there was only one band who had enough class to be mentioned in the same breath as headliners Sabbat, and that was **Toranaga** – a devastating four-piece from Wakefield. Toranaga were exceptional in that they had variety, melody and huge riffs but still retained the power, aggression and all-important multiple time changes to earn the Thrash tag (for better or worse). Here is a homegrown Thrash band who can appeal to fans outside the fraternity.

After the intro tape of 'Land Of Hope And Glory' reanimated a weary audience, Toranaga offered 'Execution' and it was immediately obvious that the sound was too loud, fortunately the definition remained. Cerebral battery continued with 'Soldiers Be Brave' and 'Dealers In Death' from their debut album 'Bastard Ballads', complex and thoughtfully arranged.

The best description I've heard of Toranaga is that they don't play songs, they attack them. Mark Duffy's ferocious vocal style competes with Andy Mitchell's sharp rhythm guitar, his lead guitar work is complementary but not self-indulgent. He is easily a match for the usual lead/rhythm guitarist team all on his own. Bassist Andy Burton tends to follow Mitchell rather than hard-working drummer Steve Todd.

The instrumental 'Bastard Ballad' had the onstage security people wandering around like lost sheep, just another example of poor organisation that had persisted throughout the day.

Duffy returned for two more album tracks before bowing out with a Tora-nised version of 'Children Of The Grave'.

Poor old **Lawnmower Deth**, not a patch on their usual hilarious selves, they just didn't cut it on a big stage. Frontman Qualcast Mutilator fluffed all the introductions and Mr. Flymo didn't get to chase punters with a lawnmower. They had to rely a lot more on playing this time and unfortunately that isn't one of Lawnmower Deth's strongest qualities.

Nottingham's most notorious band were soon replaced by her premier one and for the first time I could feel the atmosphere of a real gig. **Sabbat** have confidence enough to fill vocalist Martin Walkyier's big white blouse and an overwhelming power that was absent on their 'History Of A Time To Come' album, performed in its entirety tonight.

Aiding lead guitarist Andy Sneap on this occasion was Richard Scott, not necessarily the permanent rhythm player as yet.

I couldn't believe how visual Sabbat are onstage, they are no strangers to large crowds that's for sure. A change of pace now and again or a few more surprises would have really sold me but at the moment most of their songs have a formularised feel to them, at least to my ear. They play to the same time changes, each led by Walkyier's same schizophrenic vocal delivery. It was only a small disappointment and didn't spoil a show that in itself apologised for the bands that weren't worth seeing.

AL RHODES

SCARED SYRUP-LESS

Pic Mark Leialoha

FRIGHT(ful) WIG: and they're not joking!

FRIGHTWIG, HAUNTED GARAGE
C&W Club, San Francisco

PANTOMIME, SONG and dance with a good, hard kick up the ass. Looking at Haunted Garage is like watching some volatile children's pantomime suddenly go wildly off the rails, flailing its arms out at all who dare look at it.

Haunted Garage are as strong visually as aurally, and that's just how they mean it. Strobes flashing silhouettes in the dingy confines of this dark mysterious club, the ugly gutteral roar of singer/leader Dukie Flyswatter (creator of video classics 'Surf Nazis Must Die' and 'Blood Diner') and a mêlée of contortions backed with monster-trucking big noises.

This band could very well be your worst acid trip. And then they have the immortal 'I've Got A Brain In A Jar' where they have . . . a brain in a jar! Dukie attempts to eat it, smothers it on himself and squirts string foam at the transfixed front-row morons. All in good taste and a damn good fright.

Tonight's best Fright though came in the shape of two women and an 18-year-old El Salvadorian Thrashhead. Frightwig . . . the band that other music papers wish they'd told you about. They are built on an enormo-f**king power surge, buzz bomb guitars and finger-chewing bass, primal screams to back it all and a fierce sense of presence.

When Deanna Ashley (bass/vox) takes the mike during the swirling mystery of slow mesmerising 'Crazy Crazy World' her voice is a piercing stiletto knife to your ear drum, not a scream but certainly a dream of such screechers as Cyndi Lauper. It's tuneful and eerie, Rebbecca's (guitar/vox) tougher voice adding just the right complement.

Frightwig aren't a Metal band. Jesus no, that would be all wrong, but they are a hard, hard rock band. 'Beverly', a snappy whacked rough-edged experience, shows Frightwig at their easiest and headbangiest, whilst it is the glorious thunder of 'American Express' that shows just where Frightwig are headed.

The plod of Sabbath welded with the invention of Frightwig is an exciting thought, and 'AE' takes it to its greatest conclusion so far – the guitar whack-off mid-song being quite the most talented and bizarre lead break from a club circuit guitarist I've heard this year. Rebbecca snakes long fingers to trap weird chords and ensure great weird sounds.

And behind it all is where maybe the most Metal comes in, the young Robert Castaneda pounding behind twin-kicked kit, black shells gleaming, 'Tallica shirt saturated in the sweat of the big 'Wig sounds. Frightwig hit a groooove that every Butthole Surfers fan in SF flocks to see. And Frightwig shake the heads of Metallifolk too. Frightwig aren't about clichés or categories, they're about Iggy-approved full guts.

And in an age when most female frontpeople are either suffering the indignity of selling their flesh or jerking out some homogenised wimpy chart crap with a tender voice, Frightwig represent strength of character and soul in music. That's where the key lies, in their souls. Frightwig rage from the guts of their souls, and if the A&R people have any left, maybe they'll sharpen those bloated pencils and take notes.

From the ones who told you first about Faith No More, we give you Frightwig. Your second chance to sneak in ahead of a trend. Grab it. STEFFAN CHIRAZI

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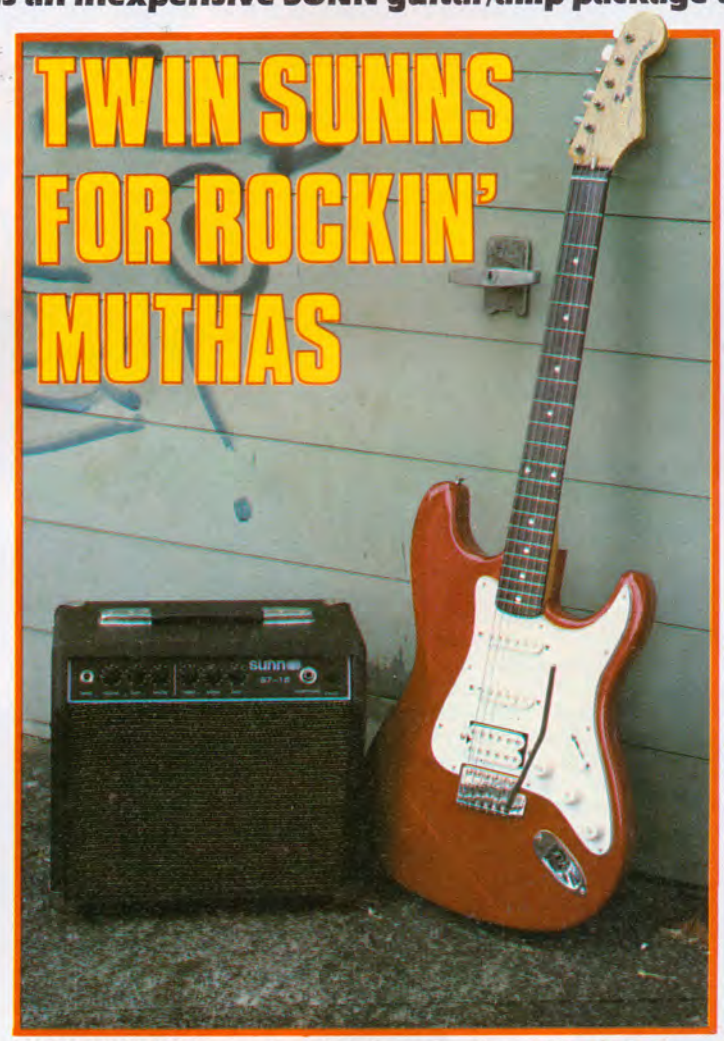


SUNN MUSTANG – a guitar that shows few signs of its modest price tag – and the STINGER amp – great for flinging the filth

IN THE DIM distant days when bands like Jefferson Airplane – aided by substances various – were really flying, Sunn amps were hot poop Stateside. But *très* expensive too, so they were rarely seen this side of the pond.

In total contrast the modern-day Sunn, now a wholly owned subsidiary of Fender, are having a crack at the cheapo end of the market. At least as far as geetars and amps are concerned.

Bought separately, the Mustang and the Stinger will set you back in the region of £99 and £70 respectively. It's far more common, though, to find music shops selling them as a package around the £150 mark.

So good news for those who want to set themselves up in the thranging biz with a single – and modest – till receipt.

Pick up the Mustang and one thing may surprise you. It says 'Made In India' on the headstock. A sign of coming times, this. With the prospect of ever rising costs in Korea and Taiwan, no longer can these two Japanese 'colonies' take for granted their present market monopoly for budget price guitars.

Take it as read that India, partnered by Indonesia, will gradually make in-roads over the next couple of years. A prime example of this will be the year-end debut of trend setters Charvel's Charvettes emerging from the land of the rising poppadom.

To all intents and purposes a Strat clone, the Mustang shows we needn't be too nervous about what Indian quality's going to be like. Goodness knows, the country's been making dependable if strictly utilitarian Morris Oxfords under licence for the last 30 years!

Anyway, the instrument betrays few signs of its price tag, appears to use a solid wood rather than plywood body, and is generally well finished and assembled.

The only significant – but still minor – departures from classic Strat styling are a slightly dumpier top horn, a neck and string spacings that don't widen out so much up top, and a rather unsightly but admittedly easily accessible truss rod adjuster on the head.

To help make you feel at home, Sunn have inserted a rosewood fillet (purely cosmetic) down the back of the gloss maple neck *à la* the real thing.

It's a quite heavy guitar, the unspecified wood maybe contributing to the overall sound character, which is warm and a tad bass heavy. But for that don't read muddy. The two single coils still have clarity typical of a Strat, and the in-between settings are suitably hollow and ringy. The only slight disappointment is the humbucker.

Although filth-friendly enough, it lacks sheer output and, contrary to most Super Strats where you get a decided kick up the bum switching to the humbucker, delivers the same, maybe even marginally less, signal than the neck pickup. At least, though, it can be said the pickups are balanced to each other and I do, in fact, know players who find the usual added balls of Super Strat humbuckers disconcerting.

We should also say here that, if you prefer, the Mustang is available with three single-coil pickups.

Disconcerting, I'm afraid, is the word that must be applied to the Mustang's trem. A vintage through-the-body job with a too highly angled arm, its three-spring tensioning makes for a heavy action and the whole thing's all too keen on returning to a different rest point from whence it was wanged.

The arm angle can be solved – bend it; the action lightened – remove one of the springs; but the tuning instability will need expert tweaking to attempt a cure.

Having said all this, the system's well behaved for non-tremmists, even those given to just gentle wobbling. And at the end of the day it's a question of 'you pays yer money and takes yer choice'.

Compensating for any iffy bits is the Mustang's overall playability.

The slender (in all directions) neck is fast and smooth; the frets, although on the chunky side, are well rounded so never feel lumpy; and a respectable length of rosewood is used for the 21-fret board.

The only cosmetic oddity is the side fret-markers sited right over the joint between fingerboard and neck.

The perky little Taiwanese Stinger amp, pushing out a loud 15W, takes a no-nonsense approach. Aside from a front-panel 'phones socket there are no ins or outs for DI, footswitch or whatever, and the control line-up simply provides volume and master plus gain, and a three-band EQ. Basically it's plug in and heads down time.

Although capable of delivering clean sounds to a certain extent, it's far happier flinging the filth. So that's good, innit?

Indeed, even with gain right off and master volume at max, you can't take input volume much beyond eight o'clock before the first signs of distortion start creeping in.

From this you can assume, rightly, that plenty of overdrives are there for the thrumming. Their quality, at low or high volumes, is surprisingly good too and, unlike some other practice amps, there's commendably little circuit noise.

Essentially, leaving aside gain for the moment, the relationship of volume to master volume will take you from honky rhythm stuff through to dirt of the medium-thick variety. Introducing gain is for those over-the-top moments, wall-to-wall gor blimey and, at max, out-and-out fuzz.

Gain also seems to up the treble response, and used more subtly to modify a basically clean sound, adds a convincing bright, ragged edge.

The only caution: don't attempt to whack all the controls up to ten at the same time. Volume-wise it's not only unnecessary – maximum ear banging comes well before that – but you'll have the brave little eight-inch speaker howling like a bevy of cats on heat.

Good fun, though, is setting the controls up for controllable feedback (just before things go totally ape) which approximates to volume and gain at max, master around two. Here you can have notes going on for hours.

I've not so far mentioned the EQ simply because it does the job. Not to such extremes as other circuits, but with enough scope in its treble, middle and bass ranges to set up, given the limitations of cabinet size, pretty much any sound you want.

Changes to tone settings do tend to be less noticeable the more you wind in the distortion so there's no reason why, for the fullest possible sound, they shouldn't all be hoiked to maximum.

The Stinger and Mustang make a great match; a package that keeps the cost right down by avoiding the gimmicks and offering, instead, excellent basic quality.

Most rewarding is that they're a partnership of guitar and amp that, having plugged in, you want to keep on playing.

Pic Ray Palmer

BEHIND THE WALL OF SLEEP

What is a mature woman, married with a child, doing on the cover of *Kerrang!* you may ask. If you ask PAT BENATAR she'll reply that if Ozzy Osbourne can still cut it with wife and kids in tow, then so can she. If you ask HOWARD JOHNSON he'll tell you that her new album 'Wide Awake In Dreamland' is definitely her best album yet . . . just don't expect any bats, werewolves or old Black Sabbath numbers

YOU KNOW THAT when it comes to the prime of life motivator – music – then hell yeah, I'm one almighty fair-minded fella! I'm never averse to allowing a dude to be wrong when his opinions don't match my own, now am I? We can't always have our finger on the pulse of what makes great music, now can we? I mean, after all, there are people who believe that Dokken are the greatest band in human history aren't there? Some are born to be enlightened, some to be misguided, I guess!

So we'll just have to forgive the big *K!*'s Chris Watts for his Bic Biro burblings regarding the new Pat Benatar album, 'Wide Awake In Dreamland', in issue 193. Our Chris was, how can we put it, less than enthralled with the new release, citing the usual negative vibes of blandola pussy-whipped radio rock at Pat and her cohorts.

"Take it to the beach with middle age," quoth our Chris in an admirable display of youthful bravado and bluster. And hell yeah, for 90 per cent of the big time US megabuck maggots trotting out safe pop music under the decidedly weak banner of heavy duty rock 'n' roll, I'd be standing by handing out rubber rings and suntan lotion!

Pat Benatar 1988 style, however, is a rather different proposition. After all, you lot know how much I usually hate all that American stuff, all the pompous bullshit and twiddly keyboards.

It's different because here is an album that spreads its musical wings over a far wider plane than yer average bogus rock band. The distinction is perhaps slight, but Pat Benatar ain't coming from the angle of trying to mellow out Metal to garner radio rock cred.

Let's face it, Pat Benatar's made her moolah, more than probably any of us reading *Kerrang!*, so why would she have to bother with compromising her music now?! It doesn't make sense does it?

Anyways up, what I'm trying to say is that there are two things that make 'Wide Awake In Dreamland' a cool collector's item. One, there's a feeling inherent in the grooves that the music's honest. Two, and here's the crucial one, the songs are bloody good – varied, passionate and emotional.

Pat Benatar's back in business. It's been three years since her last album, 'Seven The Hard Way', completely passed me by on the rock 'n' roll gravy train and floated off into oblivion. Think that was pretty much the case with most punters too, Benatar's profile dropping faster than a TV evangelist's drawers.

Since then she's taken time out bringing up her baby girl Hayley with guitaring hubby Neil Geraldo, and she's spent a lot more time on her new record, making sure that it's the best thing she can possibly produce.

Sensible move, a move that's worked, and a work that's moved Chrysalis enough to want to splash out on photographer Ray Palmer and myself flying to LA.

YEP, THE GIRL from Lindenhurst, Long Island, is hard at work in Tinseltown filming a video for the first single to be taken from the album, namely 'All Fired Up'.

As you might expect from the leader track and debut 45, it's Pat Benatar as Pat Benatar is most well known for; a bawdy, up-front, non-too-cerebral stomper that somehow manages to walk a fine line between bozo and blando.

It's good, nay very good, and absolutely streets ahead of anything else in the field, but it's not the finest moment on 'Wide Awake In Dreamland', not by a long chalk.

It's when the writing team of Pat, husband Geraldo and suddenly hirsute drummer Myron Grombacher really start to stretch their musical minds that the fireworks start to happen.

'One Love' sets a truly sensuous mood with its smouldering intensity. 'Too Long A Soldier' highlights some subtle Geraldo guitar work before building up into an epic of . . . well . . mega-epic proportions. 'Cool Zero' actually shows that when Pat chooses to rock it can be pretty damn exhilarating, and 'Let's Stay Together' leaps successfully to the other end of the spectrum, experimenting to max effect with what could best be described as a jam fusion.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I bet you think I'm jes' sayin' this shit cos it's my arms that are going brown under the LA sun, but this is a great album. Probably Pat's best. Nah, make that *definitely!*

Surrounded by a bunch of wall-hangings of the autographs of famous names who have graced the Variety Arts Theatre (George Burns, Gene Kelly, Shirley Temple and . . . Peter Noone?!), Ray gets down to snapping while I notice that Pat's attire these days is far removed from the sex-orientated gear with which she made her name.

It's streetwise jeans and leather jacket that grace the lady's diminutive frame these days, rather than the sex siren togs with which Benatar made her name. At 35 with a husband and child, I'd say that she's a lot more comfortable this way, a fact that's borne out by the lady herself when we settle down to chinwag.

"Over the years I got real tired of all that 'rock vixen' business." She smiles a slightly nervous, embarrassed smile.

"People like Madonna do that kind of thing very well because she obviously enjoys it but I was *never* happy in that role. It was a mistake because I was young, stupid and naïve and I thought that I could buck the system.

"I didn't want to look like a guy – I wanted to look like a woman, but you can't look a certain way without giving off a certain signal. It's like if you're in a bar with a bunch of girls and one comes in with a very low-cut blouse on. You can't help but look at her in another way; that's just the way it is!

"I thought I could change that way of thinking but you simply can't. The bimbo approach was totally alien to me. Hey, I was the kinda girl who would give the f**kin' finger to guys who whistled at me when I was younger. It was never my mentality to be that way and I grew real tired of it, but the record company really wouldn't let it go."

To a quite frightening extent if Pat's to be believed.

"Oh sure. They actually forced me to do record covers and it was awful, I hated it – but I was a new artist! It was after 'Get Nervous' that I finally said, 'That's it!' There was a lot of friction. Chrysalis were threatening not to put the records out if I didn't reshoot the covers so I just told them to go f**k themselves.

"I told them that I didn't care if I never put another record out in my life because I'd die before I'd ever wear those black f**kin' tights again. After they realised that this time I was serious they quit bugging me and I never did wear those tights again!

"Y'know though, the weird thing is that all this happened five years ago but my image was so strong that it's cemented in a lot of people's minds. People still ask me when I'm gonna wear those short skirts again and I just have to tell them that I don't do that anymore!"

Ironic then, that Pat should still be plagued by the 'rock vixen' mentality when nothing could be further from the truth. And wouldya credit it, now that Pat's a proud mother, there are those who would now just as happily stick her back in her little box and just change the label on the lid to 'boring mother'.

"It's crazy isn't it?" says Pat, shaking her head with barely concealed despair. "People can be so narrow-minded. I mean, no-one gives a shit if Ozzy Osbourne's had five kids. It's ridiculous. It's only because the logistics are different. Because I'm the mother I have to do more, but it doesn't change the way I am.

"That's simply the way it is for women but I find it harder to cope with because I was brought up in a household where it was cemented in my mind that there was no difference between male and female in terms of what you can

KONTINUEZ OVER

SLEEP

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

achieve or what you want to do. People are just people!"

I guess that it must make life just that little bit harder when you have to handle the pressure of a high flying career as well as the ties and binds of motherhood though?

"Sure. I guess it is hard to be a mother and to do this at the same time, because not wishing to be sexist I still have to say that no matter how far we've come the mother is still the primary caretaker of the child. Hayley's still at an age where she doesn't really understand why I have to go and leave her and do something else, and to be honest I find it difficult to leave her.

"WE'VE OBVIOUSLY had to work something out and now she travels with Neil and I most of the time. It's certainly a good thing for her too because her life's interesting, she's not seeing the same boring stuff every day!"

It certainly seems, by the way that you talk about her, that Hayley's been a massive addition to your lives.

"Definitely! Having kids is great, there's not one bad thing about it! They get in everywhere but they're a great addition to your life. They round you out and make you whole. All the pieces that are missing in your life are filled in."

So you feel that you were missing out on something?

"Well, you don't actually feel it at the time. I never felt that I was unfulfilled but once you've actually had a child you realise that there's so much more to life. Your whole personality changes and your perspective on things becomes totally different."

Is Hayley aware of the nature of the lifestyle of her parents yet?

"She's aware insomuch as she understands that we sing and play but she doesn't really understand what that means. We don't really have that much of a rock 'n' roll lifestyle though – no Grammies and album covers dotted around the house! We don't force feed her our videos or anything like that! When we go out on tour in August it'll open her eyes a lot more I'm sure."

"We took her on tour with us last time but she was really too small to take anything in. Now she's a person with her own mind. She wants to do what she wants to do, and go where she wants to go – which should be interesting!"

Pic Ray Palmer

PAT BENATAR: "Once you've actually had a child you realise that there's so much more to life"

Obviously the theme of children has always been high on your list of priorities. After all, who could forget the harrowing narrative of 'Hell Is For Children'. You continue the theme with 'Suffer The Little Children' on 'Wide Awake In Dreamland' too. Does it become easier to relate to that topic now that you have first-hand experience of the subject matter, so to speak?

"Definitely. You begin to learn exactly what's what. I've always loved children. Some people feel close to elderly folk, some people feel most at home with their contemporaries, but it was always with children that I felt most comfortable. Having Hayley really focused and solidified that feeling, she put a perspective on how children feel and made me appreciate how devastating the loss of a child is.

"I'm more aware of the problem of child abuse now than I ever was. I always believed that child abuse was the ultimate act of cowardice but that feeling is cemented all the more firmly in my mind now. The mind boggles to think how someone could actually hurt a child with its tiny, defenceless body!"

It's certainly indefensible, but I can imagine how a less mature mother or father might snap under highly pressurised circumstances.

"It's certainly a fine line," concedes Pat, "and there's nothing like kids for driving you nuts. They can drive you crazy, berserk, but there's a cut-off line in most people that stops them stepping over that line."

TRUE ENOUGH. It certainly sounds as though you're the happiest you've ever been in your private life which may well account for such a contented, mature and rounded record.

"I think you're right. My relationship is a very peaceful one. I guess both Neil and I simply got lucky in that we really do like each other. We're very much family people and things actually get better as time goes by."

Did that surprise you?

"Definitely. I married the first time at 19 for eight years and I swear to God that I was never happy for one single day. I was never satisfied with what I had and I was always looking for something else. I never knew I could be this happy," she smiles.

Don't you ever fall out?

"Surprisingly little. Once in a while we'll have an argument over music but that's about it. He's really easy-going, really calm and that helps cos it's just me who's got the temper!"

How about on this new *oeuvre*? Any major disagreements?

"Not really, no. The thing is that we took about two years on and off to make this new album and I think that helped because we only went into the studio when we really thought that we had something. In the past we've been pressurised into putting out an album every year and we were delivering records that were immature and not fully evolved.

"We were certainly pressured into putting out 'Seven The Hard Way' when we weren't ready, so after that we told the record company we'd tried things their way and that they should just leave us alone now.

"I feel that 'Wide Awake In Dreamland' is the most mature record we've made because we really did see it all the way through. We actually recorded about 20 songs and the ten that make it would normally have been the record that came out. This time we just went beyond those first ten tunes and dug that little bit deeper into ourselves for something that bit more special. This one really does feel musically correct."

WAS THERE a theme behind the album?

"Kinda yes and no. The idea behind the title was that everyone really needs to walk around with their eyes wide open these days – in their own life or with regard to the government or whatever. You can't afford to walk around either blind or apathetic these days.

"That's not really what the title track is about but we thought that it was worth pulling out for the album title because it had a wide connotation. Everyone felt strongly about that title."

So 'Pat Benatar' is really very much a democracy?

"Certainly. Neil, Myron and I have been together for so long that it can be no other way. It was a mistake just to use my name but I was signed by the label before the guys were hired and we just didn't know that things would work out so well. Without them it wouldn't happen.

"The songwriting in the band has become very intertwined and no individual could do it alone. I really rely on their input and this is very much a partnership."

As it was on 'All Fired Up' where the band brought in Billy Idol's producer Keith Forsey to assist Neil Geraldo rather than Peter Coleman, who worked on the rest of the album.

"I love Keith. We've known him for years and he was like the fifth Beatle. It was good to have someone else to torture in the studio!"

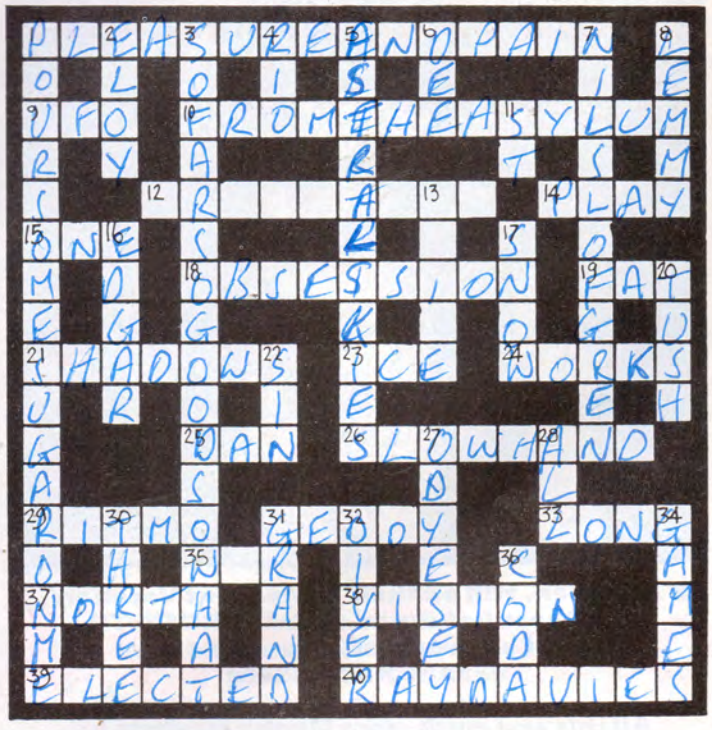
That's one of the reasons for sure. I'd wager that the other is that Pat Benatar's just as happy as you please with the way her life is shaping up these days. Some people don't get their creative juices up until they're under personal pressure, but with our Patty I'd wager it's just the opposite.

The confidence, contentedness and maturity of her lifestyle are reflected in the disc, and as Ms Benatar heads off into the bowels of the Variety Arts Theatre to get the video shoot underway, I don't see a beach towel or any suntan lotion slung under her arm.

She may be 35, but you can't dismiss Pat Benatar to the realms of boring old fartdom just yet. The proof's in the grooves!

KERROSSWORD

By Sue Buckley



ACROSS

1. Two opposites from Tobruk (8.3.4)
9. Rockin' mechanix (1.1.1)
10. What it might say on Hellion's postcards (4.3.6)
12. Spider's fave choc biscuit (9)
14. What did Floyd see Emily do? (4)
15. and 38. Queen's singular view? (3.6)
18. A fixation about 9.? (9)
19. What kinda bottoms did Queen like? (3)
21. Benatar saw this guitar band in the night (7)
23. Quo's sun melted this (3)
24. ELP produced at least three volumes of these (5)
25. Just McCafferty (3)
26. Clap for Clapton? (4.4)
29. Italian rhythm for Judie T (5)
31. Rushed Lee (5)
33. Eagles' run (4)
35. Todd Rundgren's violent babies (3)
37. Dave's cold wind (5)
38. and 15.
39. What did Alice Cooper want to be? (7)
40. Kinky mainman (3.6)

DOWN

1. A sweet request from Leppard (4.4.5.2.2)
2. A band that gave a 'performance' (4)
3. Megadeth's philosophy (2.3.2.4.2.4)
4. They tuned to Atlantic Radio (3)
5. Uli Jon came from beyond these (6.5)
6. River/Kiki/Snider (3)
7. He flipped! (4.7)
8. Motörhead mainman (5)
11. Title for Ol' Parr's Elmo (2)
13. What did she cry to the Doors? (5)
16. A winter man? (5)
17. The dog By Tor? (4)
20. A Top top fave? (4)
22. AC/DC's city (3)
27. Yngwie's epic adventure (7)
28. Whitesnake's alternative to nothing (3)
30. Loosely translated, what does 'tres' as in 'Tres Hombres' mean? (5)
31. Which funk was a Railroad? (5)
32. He went down on the Van Halens (5)
34. Gabriel's were frontierless! (5)
36. A series of notes from the Zep? (4)

SOLUTION

ACROSS

1. Pleasure And Pain 9. UFO 10. From The Asylum 12. Breakaway 14. Play 15. One 18. Obsession 19. Fat 21. Shadows 23. Ice 24. Works 25. Dan 26. Slow Hand 29. Rhino 31. Geddy 33. Long 35. War 37. North 38. Vision 39. Elected 40. Ray Davies

DOWN

1. Pour Some Sugar On Me 2. Eloy 3. So Far So Good . . . So What 4. Rio 5. Astral Skies 6. Dee 7. Nils Lofgren 8. Lemmy 11. St 13. Alive 16. Edgar 17. Snow 20. Tush 22. Sin 27. Odyssey 28. All 30. Three 31. Grand 32. Diver 34. Games 36. Coda

TOTAL PHONE FEVER!

YEP, FOLLOWING the stormin' success of the two latest additions to our luxuriously loud Livewire service, we feel duty bound to bring you *even more* Telecom-transmitted decibels!

Even as this hot ish of the big *K!* lies in your sweaty palm, *two more* numbers are lurkin' in the lines, all lonely, lifeless and just waitin' to be dialled into action by your dinky digits!

Facts? Simple! Firstly, we've added an album preview line, givin' you rockin' readers the chance to hear new albums the *very second* we get our own oh-so-grubby mitts on them! What service, eh?!

And secondly, we're introducing a Top 30 Metal singles line, where you'll be able to hear the whole chart rundown from the latest *K!* chart, as well as listen to the week's best sellers.

So what are the magic numbers? OK then, from the top. . .

● Line One – **0898 121319** – the regular news, views, insults and moosic presented by various suitably drunk members of the kolossally kracked-up *K!* team.

● Line Two – **0898 121320** – still carries a hotter than hot interview with whoever's hard, heavy an' happening that particular week. Dial those numbers durin' the next seven days to hear a captivating conversation with that outridin' rock 'n' roller – ex-Led Zeppelin legend Jimmy Page! We kid you not!

● Line Three – **0898 121321** – the competition line, this week offerin' ya the chance to win killer copies of 'Outrider', the great new LP from that 'Magus' man again – Jimmy Page.

● Line Four – **0898 121322** – the brand spankin' new album preview line . . . this week pin back yer lug 'oles for a sneaky peek at 'South Of Heaven', the latest slitherin', slaverin' slice of . . . er, stuff from Thrash Metal miscreants Slayer!

● Line Five – **0898 121323** – brings the shockin' Top 30 singles rundown and some suitable earbashin' by the very best on offer.

So, point that finger, head for the 'phone an' DIAL A DECIBEL!

Calls cost 38p per minute peak rate and 25p per minute cheap rate.

'HOXTON' TOM ARAYA of Slayer: call the album preview line on 0898 121322 for an all-exclusive earbashin' to the new LP, 'South Of Heaven'

NEXT ISSUE

'IN THE Summertime/When the weather is fine/ You can stretch right up/And touch the sky . . .' **Ah yes . . . Mungo Jerry. Remember 'em an' their smash 'it single of, oh, ages ago, 'In The Summertime'? And it's amazing to think that MJ mainman Ray Dorset usedta live next door to one of Geoff Barton's old school chums, innit? (*No – Entire* Kerrang! *Readership.*) But as we sit in the 80° shade sipping iced tea, what do we get? The promise of a 'Long Cold Winter', that's what!**

● Yep, on the cover of next week's ish will be those chillin' CINDERELLA chaps, who'll be chattering to Dave Reynolds and giving him the frigid fax on their new long-player. And will the band be bitter about the frosty reception we gave said disc back in ish 194? Watch out for the big snow-down!

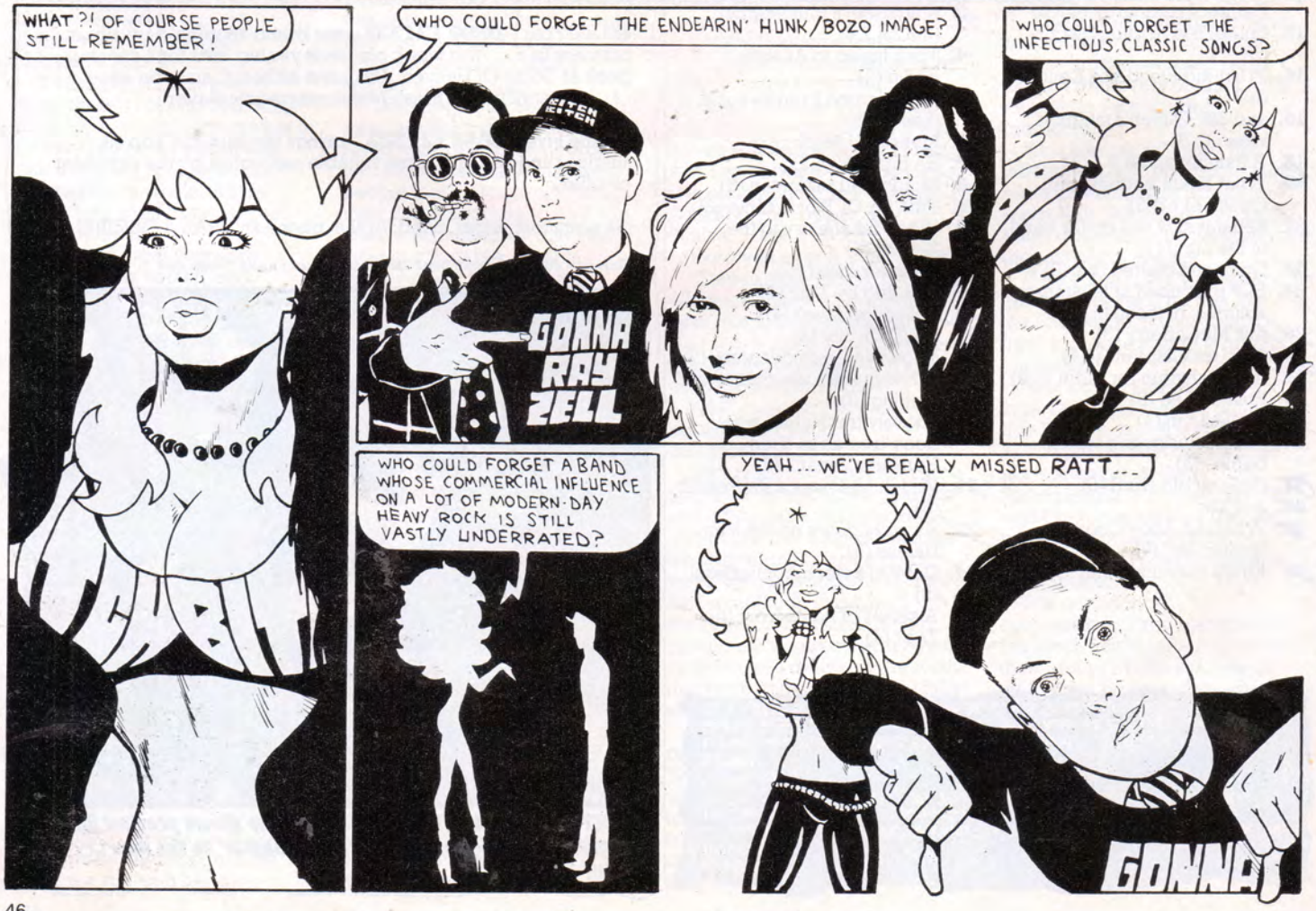
● Elsewhere we'll have IRON MAIDEN warmin' things up again as they begin to steam along the American road once more! Another sizzlin' story from our swelterin' scribe, Mick Wall . . .

● And we'll also be unleashing our latest dose of sheer, unadulterated 'Pyromania'! That's right, those combustible cats, those febrile felines, DEF LEPPARD will be firin' down the phone lines and leaping into Alison Joy's incandescent earhole. Will the Baroness Of Bonk find this one too hot to handle? Stay tooned!

● And then, still on their 'Permanent Vacation', come those holidayin' dudes AEROSMITH. Expect an overheated overview from Elianne Halbersberg

All this and much more Mungo mayhem in *Kerrang!* 196, cover dated July 16, on sale July 12. It's gonna be a sideburnin' scorcher!

PANDORA PEROXIDE **by Ray Zell**


WHAT?! OF COURSE PEOPLE STILL REMEMBER!
WHO COULD FORGET THE ENDEARIN' HUNK/BOZO IMAGE?
GITEN KITEN
GONNA RAY ZELL
WHO COULD FORGET THE INFECTIOUS CLASSIC SONGS?
WHO COULD FORGET A BAND WHOSE COMMERCIAL INFLUENCE ON A LOT OF MODERN-DAY HEAVY ROCK IS STILL VASTLY UNDERRATED?
YEAH... WE'VE REALLY MISSED RATT...
GONNA

SINGLES

1	–	ONE SLIP	**Pink Floyd** (EMI)
2	2	HUSH	**Deep Purple** (Polydor)
3	1	WHAT ABOUT LOVE?	**Heart** (Capitol)
4	–	WON'T GET FOOLED AGAIN	**The Who** (Polydor)
5	7	THE FLAME	**Cheap Trick** (Epic)
6	3	RHYTHM OF LOVE	**Scorpions** (EMI)
7	13	MAYFAIR	**Quireboys** (Survival)
8	4	LIVIN' WITHOUT YOU	**Tigertailz** (Music For Nations)
9	5	WHO GETS THE LOVE?	**Status Quo** (Vertigo)
10	8	HEAVEN TONIGHT	**Yngwie Malmsteen's Rising Force** (Polydor)
11	9	MARY JANE	**Megadeth** (Capitol)
12	6	ENDLESS SUMMER NIGHTS	**Richard Marx** (Manhattan)
13	12	NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME	**Poison** (Capitol)
14	14	I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT YOU	**Foreigner** (Atlantic)
15	20	CAN I PLAY WITH MADNESS	**Iron Maiden** (EMI)
16	11	KISS ME DEADLY	**Lita Ford** (RCA)
17	16	START TALKING LOVE	**Magnum** (Polydor)
18	15	SOUTH AFRICA	**Ian Gillan** (Virgin)
19	18	PAMELA	**Toto** (CBS)
20	10	REPUTATION	**Brian Spence** (Polydor)
21	17	ARMAGEDDON IT (ATOMIC MIX)	**Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
22	19	NEVER/THESE DREAMS	**Heart** (Capitol)
23	23	THAT'S THE WAY I WANNA ROCK 'N' ROLL	**AC/DC** (Atlantic)
24	29	AIN'T COMPLAINING	**Status Quo** (Vertigo)
25	26	JOHNNY B GOODE	**Judas Priest** (CBS)
26	–	TOO MUCH AIN'T ENOUGH	**Jimmy Barnes** (Geffen)
27	25	GIVE ME ALL YOUR LOVE	**Whitesnake** (EMI)
28	22	ANGEL	**Aerosmith** (Geffen)
29	27	PRIME MOVER	**Rush** (Vertigo)
30	–	MIDDLE MAN	**Living Colour** (Epic)

US HM RADIO

1	3	OPERATION: MINDCRIME	**Queensrÿche** (Capitol)
2	4	THE NEW ORDER	**Testament** (Megaforce/Atlantic)
3	1	SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON	**Iron Maiden** (Capitol)
4	2	SILENT CRIES	**Fates Warning** (Metal Blade/Enigma)
5	8	NO PLACE FOR DISGRACE	**Flotsam And Jetsam** (Elektra)
6	5	RAM IT DOWN	**Judas Priest** (Columbia)
7	6	SAVAGE AMUSEMENT	**Scorpions** (Capitol)
8	7	OVER THE EDGE	**Hurricane** (Enigma)
9	9	DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILISATION PART II	**Various** (Capitol)
10	10	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION	**Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
11	13	OU812	**Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
12	11	THUNDERSTEEL	**Riot** (CBS)
13	14	COOL FROM THE WIRE	**Dirty Looks** (Atlantic)
14	12	SO FAR, SO GOOD . . . SO WHAT!	**Megadeth** (Capitol)
15	17	OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AAH!	**Poison** (Capitol)
16	–	DIMENSION HATRÖSS	**VoiVod** (Noise)
17	15	HEAVEN TONIGHT 12"	**Yngwie Malmsteen's Rising Force** (Polydor)
18	16	ASHES TO ASHES 12"	**Vinnie Vincent Invasion** (Chrysalis)
19	re	PERSECUTION MANIA	**Sodom** (SPV USA/Steamhammer)
20	18	WORLD CIRCUS	**Toxik** (Roadracer)

Compiled by Jem Aswad for the CMJ Music Report, 830 Willis Avenue, Albertson, New York 11507, USA

INDIE METAL

1	–	SURVIVE	**Nuclear Assault** (Under One Flag)
2	1	NO PLACE FOR DISGRACE	**Flotsam And Jetsam** (Roadrunner)
3	2	YOU CAN'T DO THAT ON STAGE ANYMORE	**Frank Zappa** (Music For Nations)
4	–	STAND IN LINE	**Impellitteri** (Music For Nations)
5	–	CHASE THE DRAGON	**Magnum** (FM/Revolver)
6	–	ANTHOLOGY	**Aerosmith** (Raw Power)
7	13	LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN	**Poison** (Music For Nations)
8	3	MASTER OF PUPPETS	**Metallica** (Music For Nations)
9	–	WHITESNAKE/NORTHWINDS	**David Coverdale** (Connoisseur Collection)
10	5	RIDE THE LIGHTNING	**Metallica** (Music For Nations)
11	7	GUITAR	**Frank Zappa** (Music For Nations)
12	8	METAL KILLERS KOLLECTION	**Various** (Collector Series)
13	6	ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT	**Magnum** (FM/Revolver)
14	4	KILLING IS MY BUSINESS . . . AND BUSINESS IS GOOD!	**Megadeth** (Music For Nations)
15	14	SURFING WITH THE ALIEN	**Joe Satriani** (Food For Thought
16	11	KILL 'EM ALL	**Metallica** (Music For Nations)
17	12	MOSHKINSTEIN	**Acid Reign** (Under One Flag)
18	16	DIRTY ROTTEN LP	**DRI** (Roadrunner)
19	9	MIRADOR	**Magnum** (FM/Revolver)
20	10	BITTER, FIT CRACK	**The Macc Lads** (FM/Revolver)

ALBUMS

1	2	HEART	**Heart** (Capitol)
2	1	AIN'T COMPLAINING	**Status Quo** (Vertigo)
3	13	THE CREAM OF ERIC CLAPTON	**Eric Clapton** (Polydor)
4	3	OU812	**Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
5	5	ODYSSEY	**Yngwie Malmsteen's Rising Force** (Polydor)
6	8	BAD ANIMALS	**Heart** (Capitol)
7	–	SURVIVE	**Nuclear Assault** (Under One Flag)
8	9	SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON	**Iron Maiden** (EMI)
9	34	HITS OUT OF HELL	**Meat Loaf** (Epic)
10	7	RAM IT DOWN	**Judas Priest** (Epic)
11	10	OPERATION: MINDCRIME	**Queensrÿche** (Manhattan)
12	6	SAVAGE AMUSEMENT	**Scorpions** (EMI)
13	12	HYSTERIA	**Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
14	11	OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AAH!	**Poison** (Capitol)
15	4	SECOND SIGHTING	**Frehley's Comet** (Megaforce/Atlantic)
16	14	WHITESNAKE 1987	**Whitesnake** (EMI)
17	22	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION	**Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
18	27	THE WALL	**Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
19	30	A MOMENTARY LAPSE OF REASON	**Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
20	18	RECKLESS	**Bryan Adams** (A&M)
21	20	WINGS OF HEAVEN	**Magnum** (Polydor)
22	15	FOUR SYMBOLS	**Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
23	32	RICHARD MARX	**Richard Marx** (Manhattan)
24	35	BAT OUT OF HELL	**Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
25	21	ALL SYSTEMS GO	**Vinnie Vincent Invasion** (Chrysalis)
26	41	BLOW UP YOUR VIDEO	**AC/DC** (Atlantic)
27	19	SO FAR, SO GOOD . . . SO WHAT!	**Megadeth** (Capitol)
28	re	AUGUST	**Eric Clapton** (Duck)
29	28	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST	**Iron Maiden** (Fame/EMI)
30	17	SLIPPERY WHEN WET	**Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
31	29	WHO'S BETTER, WHO'S BEST	**The Who** (Polydor)
32	23	DARK SIDE OF THE MOON	**Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
33	26	TIME ODYSSEY	**Vinnie Moore** (Squawk/Vertigo)
34	16	KINGDOM COME	**Kingdom Come** (Polydor)
35	re	SLOWHAND	**Eric Clapton** (RSO)
36	39	PYROMANIA	**Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
37	42	NOW AND ZEN	**Robert Plant** (Atlantic)
38	33	POWERSLAVE	**Iron Maiden** (EMI)
39	25	THE NEW ORDER	**Testament** (Megaforce/Atlantic)
40	38	NO PLACE FOR DISGRACE	**Flotsam And Jetsam** (Roadrunner)
41	31	BEST SHOTS	**Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
42	45	FUGAZI	**Marillion** (Fame/EMI)
43	43	ELIMINATOR	**ZZ Top** (Chrysalis)
44	re	PERMANENT VACATION	**Aerosmith** (WEA)
45	37	SKYSCRAPER	**David Lee Roth** (Warner Brothers)
46	48	FREIGHT TRAIN HEART	**Jimmy Barnes** (Geffen)
47	36	THE XENON CODEX	**Hawkwind** (GWR)
48	–	THE BEST OF VANDENBERG	**Vandenberg** (Atco)
49	–	STAND IN LINE	**Impellitteri** (Music For Nations)
50	re	CHASE THE DRAGON	**Magnum** (FM/Revolver)

STAR CHOICE

KEITH ALEXANDER (PRIMAL SCREAM NYC)
'CULT OF PERSONALITY' Living Colour (from 'Vivid' on Epic)
'FAR BEYOND THE SUN' Yngwie Malmsteen (from 'Rising Force' on Polydor)
'RICKOVER'S DREAM' Michael Hedges (Windham Hill)

BUTTZ (LAST OF THE TEENAGE IDOLS)
'THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN' Thin Lizzy (Vertigo 45)
'PHANTOM OF THE OPERA' Soundtrack (EMI)
'GARY GLITTER TIME MACHINE' Stormy Love Affair (Demo)

ANDY MITCHELL (TORANAGA)
'SCARLET PIMPERNEL' Black Sabbath (from 'Eternal Idol' on Vertigo)
'ETERNAL IDOL' Black Sabbath (from 'Eternal Idol' on Vertigo)
'ARROGANCE IN UNIFORM' Coroner (from the 'Doomsday News' compilation on Noise)

PAUL BLITTZ (SOHO ROSES)
'SWEET FANNY ADAMS' Sweet (RCA)
'ORIENTAL BEAT' Hanoi Rocks (Johanna)
'THE HOUSE OF DOLLS' Gene Loves Jezebel (Beggars Banquet)

IMPORTS

1	–	BRITNY FOX	**Britny Fox** (CBS)
2	7	ONLY CHILD	**Only Child** (Rampage)
3	–	TOO MUCH AIN'T ENOUGH	**Andy McCoy** (Ammulet)
4	–	IT WON'T BE LONG	**Shout** (Frontline)
5	–	JEALOUSY	**Loudness** (Atco)
6	2	EXCITER	**Exciter** (Mace)
7	–	ANGEL OF DEATH	**Hobbs' Angel Of Death** (Steamhammer/ SPV USA)
8	5	THAT'S LIVE	**Victory** (Metronome)
9	6	STONE	**Stone** (Mechanic)
10	–	TAKE YOU HOME	**Mass** (Medusa)

OVER THE TOP

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